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# Truth in limited editions

Hungarian Embassy and is warmly welcomed by his old friend Banica, a former engineer, now First Counsellor. The two men used to work together for the Cause but their paths eventually diverged: Banica became a prisoner of the Nazis, Lassa of the Russians. They compare notes: the Nazis treated their prisoners even more cruelly but, in a way, it was worse suffering at the hands of your own comrades. The two men love and hate, trust and respect, each other. Banica gives Lassa a lot of money, promises help to negotiate him out of prison.

...and give him a splendid lunch in the company of his wife and stepson. He treats him as one should treat an old friend, but the gulf between the two is unbridgeable: one is an outcast, the other a pillar of the new establishment. The problem of one is how to sneak out of Moscow without being recaptured; the other has to face a rather dull reception at the Bulgarian embassy. The question is begged: should one compromise, serve the cause as well as one can and accept the shame and humiliation of a comfortable life; or should one insist on proclaiming the truth from the rooftops because the truth is stronger than any idea and, besides, no idea can survive in an atmosphere

of lies? Baniczka wishes to believe that the atrocities and the tyranny are incidental to the regime: bad men are ruining a great cause. Lassu has his grave doubts: still a devoted communist, he fears that the bad cause has, in fact, infected good

men or, alternatively, naturally attracts the wicked ones. Bunzleuz consoles himself that at least there is no exploitation in this new society, but knows perfectly well that this capitalist exploiter has simply been replaced by the bureaucratic one. Lassu realizes that his great dream has led to disaster but still clings to his faith.

Lengly is Lassu's white Bunzleuz, represents the present-day masters. But, on another plane, Bunzleuz is both Lassu and Lengly. Bunzleuz represents the author's doubts, torments, and nightmares that he has sacrificed his life and his freedom to no good purpose. Perhaps it is not a question of right and wrong. The Lassusism of this world cannot act like the Bunzleuz, the Bunzleuzs like the Lassus. One way leads to individualism

salvation but to the betrayal of the cause; the other might lead to victory of ideals, but it also leads to individual purgatory. Lassu faces a new arrest and more years in Siberia; Bunioza is promoted to a post in London. Lassu's truth is not proclaimed from the rooftops: it is cir-

## New Paperbacks

G. is not very interested in ideology, and admits that at school the priest had held out to him a sense of purpose similar to that which he experiences in his communist friends.

But the priest did not mix with his poorer parishioners, whereas Pankraz Pudenz, the group-leader, is happy to drive about in a rusty old car, he bought for 350 Marks and concentrate his energies on building a better world with his fellow-revolutionaries. It is doubtful whether Q is really converted to communism. In fact we are left with the impression that Galliani joins the communists primarily because they are there, because he likes them, and because he has had to break with his old priestly colleagues. — Martin Wollner

The Collected English Edition of François Mauriac's novels has been augmented by *Thérèse* (330pp. Byrre Methuen, £2.95). This volume contains Gerard Hopkins's fine verbatim of *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, *La Fille de la nuit* and two stories involving Thérèse Desqueyroux from *Homages*.

10-10-68

# Heinemann







# Myths of repression and negation

FRANCESCO ORLANDO:  
Lettura Freudiana della "Phèdre"  
137pp. Turin: Einaudi, L.2.000.  
MARTIN TURNELL:  
Jean Racine: Dramatist  
369pp. Hamish Hamilton, £7.

Here are two very different books on Racine, the one written for Italian university students and the other (presumably) for a fairly wide English public. Francesco Orlando takes *Phèdre* as his text, but sets out to "reconstruct a different order" — this being seen as an "essentially temporary operation" which is meant to "take its place, between two readings of the text, as a moment of reflection" and to enrich our subsequent experience of the play. Martin Turnell, on the other hand, takes Racine's tragedies one by one and in each case gives us what is essentially a critical commentary, following the actual movement of the plays, not without a certain amount of paraphrase. From Signor Orlando's study the new reader might find it hard to deduce what actually happens in *Phèdre* and in what order. But such a reader should after all be reading the play and not a book about it. This being so, it is arguable that this structuralist approach is more interesting and productive than that of the more straightforward English critic.

There is nothing very technical about Signor Orlando's Freudian reading of *Phèdre*. He does not attempt, like Charles Mauron, to deduce an analysis of Racine from the plays, nor does he psychoanalyse *Phèdre* and *Thésée*. Instead, he uses the notion of repression as the centre of his study, building round it a complex structure of "negations", which in his view sum up the essence of the play. Each negation includes two elements, one repressed and the other repressive. These pairs are organized in turn into two parallel groups, one mythical, one human. So we have tensions between: (1) *Phèdre's* desire and *Phèdre's* death; (2) secrets and confessions; (3) transgression and (taboo) authority; (4) the body of Hippolyte and the sea-monster; (5) the Minotaur and the Labyrinth; (6) prehistoric monsters and the monster-slaying hero. In all of these the first element is the repressed instinctual urge and the second the negation of that urge by civilizing or repressive forces.

It will be guessed that the correspondences are not always as neat or as convincing as the author would have us believe, but there is no denying that this construction is both attractive and revealing, tying bare as it does many of the connecting strands which should make up our total experience of the tragedy. Finally all the different oppositions are subsumed under the overall tension between the myth and the desire to suppress it:

D'une action à noire  
Que ne peut avec elle exprimer la mémoire!

As the author rightly says, Racine's tragedy does not conceal the myth, which is a scandal to both reason and morality, but gives it permanent expression: "the paradox of this tragedy, which is assumed of itself, is that it exists and is by definition irrevocable, just as the words which manifest *Phèdre's* desire are irrevocable".

Signor Orlando relates this dialectic of repressed and repression to contemporary currents of thought,

to Jansenism and to pre-Enlightenment attacks on supernatural mythology by such writers as Fontenelle. For the most part, however, his study is internal and textual. Once he has set up his scheme of negations, he takes each element in it as a starting-point for an exploration of the play. Here, not surprisingly, the apparent rigour of the first part is considerably attenuated, as the author traces a great variety of interesting patterns and correspondences. Many of the themes pursued here are quite familiar (labyrinths, monsters, etc), but the sensitive juxtaposition of different passages cannot fail to deepen our understanding of Racine's text. It is only a pity that such a short book does not allow space for a more sustained treatment of the historical significance of Racine's myth-making.

History is not very evident in Mr Turnell's book either—much less so than in his earlier and in some ways more successful book, *The Classical Moment*. Here he is writing first and foremost about the way Racine's plays work. In his chapters of commentary he strives to bring out the living reality of successive scenes and protagonists, recounting in his own often eloquent words the essential conflicts and emotions. This involves frequent analysis of dialogue, often the old traps of the *explication de texte*, where the sibilants, vowel sounds and the rest of them are made to do heavier duty than they can reasonably bear. Similarly, some of

the remarks about versification and rhythm will fail to convince, even though they are apparently based partly on gramophone records. On these questions the final chapter ("Versification and Language") is less helpful than it might be.

In all this the emphasis is on Racine as psychological dramatist. There is, however, another side to Mr Turnell's analysis; he rejoins Signor Orlando and the mainstream of interpretative criticism in his attempt to single out central images which body forth the meaning of particular plays — for instance, ruins in *Britannicus*, paths in *Iphigénie*. His account of most of the plays is convincing and he is particularly good on *Bajazet*. On *Phèdre* his ideas (which he first put forward many years ago) do not differ significantly from those of Signor Orlando. His remarks on the labyrinth speech, which have in the past met with a good deal of petty-minded ridicule, now seem so clearly correct as to be almost a commonplace.

It is certainly not because of such Freudian insights that one has reservations about Mr Turnell's book. It is rather because he seems excessively concerned to sell Racine. His first chapter speaks of the difficulties of approach, particularly for the English; perhaps it is this that leads him to give an unduly naturalistic and down-to-earth account of these tragedies. It is largely a question of style: there is a heavy jocularly about the repeated use of such words as "fish-wife", "love-nest" or "womaniser", a would-be popular

tone which is underlined by the use of quotation marks or capital letters ("I always people at the idea of that five years' courtship"). Yet it is legitimate to be disappointed that Theodore's heroes are real men and women: a study of fictitious heroes of American magazines, actually when presented with the panoply of tables and percentages, might have been even more relevant than the present countings of weights of actual living (or living) cynosures, ranging from "get your girl" that Racine people are just like the people of the door is to underestimate the making which is still there in all Racine's debunking. *Phèdre* is the daughter of Minos and Paris.

At the end of his study, Signor Orlando has an interesting chapter on Prudon's *Phèdre et le polyèdre*. In the passages he quotes we hear the chirpy rationalist knock down Racine's myth to modern times. *Prélude à m'élancer des Pâles de Grèce!* Quoi qu'il en soit, nous le savons que nous sommes en Grèce. Et comme nous en finissons les héros.

Could it be that in his desire to enliven Racine and make him more modern, Mr Turnell is giving away much to the Pradons?

## Homage to heroics

ELIZABETH ALLDAY:  
Stefan Zweig  
248pp., W. H. Allen, £3.50.  
D. A. PRATER:  
European of Yesterday  
A Biography of Stefan Zweig  
390pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £4.

The story of fame-forgotten is too familiar to cause surprise. Perhaps, as Stefan Zweig's friend Rilke once remarked, fame is merely the sum of misunderstandings that gather round a name. In the decade or so before Hitler came to power, Stefan Zweig seemed one of the great names of contemporary literature, his works translated into nearly forty languages. In France (as he tells us in his autobiography *The World of Yesterday*) his circle of readers was almost as large as in Germany. Who reads him now?

It is always a curious if dismal exercise to speculate on reasons for declining reputation. Can we always assume that the later generation has better judgment than the earlier? Zweig's fellow-Austrian Robert Musil remarks through one of the characters in *The Man Without Qualities* that in Germany a writer has to have a great many like-minded readers before he can pass as having an unusual mind. Zweig does not have many like-minded readers today; he believed in heroes, and we seem to live in a less heroic world. He began his literary career as a translator of works which he admired; he followed with studies of writers like Verheeren and Romain Rolland for whom he felt enthusiasm; he made his name through biographies of well-known historical personages whose lives represented the illumination in some way his own ideal of enlightened humanism.

At the centre of his work is excited identification with the individual as representative hero. Excitement breeds drama, and drama is a necessary simplification of intangible issues into perceptible, solvable, top-colourful simplification and that natural feeling for anthropomorphic description, which always goes with a strong dramatic sense. For him history was always history; and fate never failed to strike in a vividly realized fashion from the pages. This

was no condescension to popular taste. Zweig was unfailingly honest. He merely had the depth of feeling which inevitably distorts observation; he can stand as an example of what Goethe meant when he remarked that the dilettante never describes the object but only his own feelings about the object. Not that Zweig was a dilettante in the literal sense; he was meticulous in research and knew he was devoting himself to an activity which was central to his existence.

These two books about Zweig stand in their way for his own duality of attention to detail and colourful enthusiasm. Here the strands are separate: D. A. Prater is the careful researcher; Elizabeth Allday the enthusiast. Mrs Allday is the more revealing, as passion is always more expressive than a catalogue. She is writing about someone she admires, a kindred spirit, one of the heroes of her youth, a man whose work seems to her no less than "a restless inquiry into God's purpose for creating the human psyche". She is in no doubt that, from his birth, Zweig was "destined to take his place amongst the great names of European culture, the last-born in a clutch of international geniuses, who included Freud, Verlaine and Rilke".

Mrs Allday calls her book "a critical biography", and although it is devoid of the apparatus of criticism there are useful critical insights. In spite of her enthusiasm she cannot overlook Zweig's utter lack of humour and his persisting naivety in personal relations. But the admirable thing about her book is that it achieves precisely what it sets out to do. She has attempted to evoke the spirit of Zweig in this impassioned record, and she does so. She captures exactly the atmosphere of exaggeration and embellishment and grand personification which characterized him.

We learn, for instance, that Zweig was born into the Austro-Hungarian Empire at a time when "Franz Josef, the ageing and unfortunate Emperor, clung like a withering fruit to the remaining branch of what had once been the mighty Hapsburg tree". Only a book written in this style can project the essence of an author for whom aeroplanes were not mere planes but steel swallows. According to Mrs Allday, "no rounded breast or elegant thigh was more appealing

to him than a woman's lips from the precious and sacred name of Goethe, Hofmannsthal or Rilke. And if you really want to be loved when it happens (which is the case) Zweig strove to produce you as a share with Mrs Allday the more when for Friederike, Zweig's first wife, "her blood became ice in his veins when she thought of the some legal machinery necessary to unlock the nuptial fetters".

Dr Prater's study is totally different. *European of Yesterday* is a sober record of everything known about Zweig's life and circumstances. Footnotes and bibliographies and indexes supply a formidable apparatus to a book which reads like the archetypal doctoral dissertation. But this is not a critical study. Zweig is great, therefore everything is mostly connected with him in a most unconvincing way. He is in Vienna, he underwent a serious operation in the area of the ribs. Dr Anton Loew's sanatorium in the 18th District. And Dr Prater goes on: "It was nothing serious. It is just possible that Dr Prater is suffering a sense of scholarly purpose because he has not discovered the taxi fare to Dr Anton Loew's sanatorium was."

Eighteenth-century literary others come under the scrutiny of Volume Six, edited by Alex Noy and Brian Keith-Smith, in the *Man and Letters* series (Oxford, Oswald Wolff, £2.50). Its contributors are probably attributable to the change of editor in mid-1960s, occasioned by the death of Nathan; this presumably explains why all the essays on individuals are prefaced by potted lives save one, an otherwise far from lifeless study of Leibniz.

The inclusion of philosophical welcome; the exclusion of Leibniz is understandable; but an easy Bodmer and Brechtier would have been an appropriate foil to Leibniz (a sadly lapsed effort this, judging from mention of the Neuberger *Schachklub* inter alia). Klopstock might well have been Hagedorn. But in general this worthwhile collection of essays, the country of Leibniz, Kant and Hagedorn, is attractively well-organized.

# The men they loved to look up to

THEODORE P. GREENE:  
The Heroes  
Oxford University Press.

Reviewer's First Commandment surely be: "Thou shalt not damn a book for not being another book." Yet it is legitimate to express disappointment that Theodore's heroes are real men and women: a study of fictitious heroes of American magazines, actually when presented with the panoply of tables and percentages, might have been even more relevant than the present countings of weights of actual living (or living) cynosures, ranging from "get your girl" that Racine people are just like the people of the door is to underestimate the making which is still there in all Racine's debunking. *Phèdre* is the daughter of Minos and Paris.

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quite haphazard sample the heroes, whether named or unnamed, well or ill drawn, possess Qualities Directed Towards Cultivation of Self (50 per cent), Qualities Directed Towards Cultivation of Others (20 per cent), and the 4 per cent God-Directed Qualities.

If Mr Greene had managed to land a Foundation grant vast enough to enable him to employ a large team of readers, he might have dredged up figures from nine-ninths of all magazines between, say, 1787 and 1918. (The present work has occupied him, off and on, since 1948—but he had only one year's leave of absence from Amherst College and a Trustee Fellowship during which the writing was completed, with assistance from his wife, daughters and son, plus many named members from Amherst and the Sociology Department at Columbia.) This at least would have presented us with a complete, rather than capricious, pile of expendable information. Mr Greene would then have been the only person in the world to have completed this particular exercise and exposed himself to whatever consequences may have followed. The original readers of some of those American magazines, say, or may not, have accepted the points of view of some of the known and unknown authors created by Mr Greene: there is no possible way of telling. It is quite certain, however, that no one reader can ever before have digested even the "one-ninth" or "two-ninths" of material here so laboriously presented, so that any attempt to gauge the effect of these articles is doomed to failure. Neither Mr Greene nor anyone else can say who read which articles or with what effect. And in view of this ignorance, any effort to draw valid conclusions from the mere existence of this mass of paper is best confined to a study of editorial expectations.

Even if one could swallow the enormous assumption that the effect of any one biographical article will be equal, on any one reader, to the effect of any other article on any other reader, there would still be

occasion for common sense to break through and destroy the pattern. We all understand, for example, that although every private soldier in the British Army is conscious of the fact that he carries a Field Marshal's baton in his knapsack, he also knows that it is likely to remain there. Similarly, when totting up the number of Napoleonic heroes flourishing in magazines at the turn of the century, Mr Greene must have realized that for every Napoleon there are thousands of soldiers, for every J. P. Morgan there are thousands of employees and stockholders, for every Lincoln there are masses of humble voters—and he must have realized, also, that all but the insane readers of the magazines knew it too. For even if a sociologist may allow himself to turn a blind eye to the quality of the literary pabulum set before a chosen sample of his beloved "masses", he still must be obliged, if he is genuinely interested in their responses, to busy himself in assessing the actual (i.e. qualitative) as well as countable (i.e. quantitative) effects upon them of the reading matter digested. This Mr Greene has made no attempt to do. How, indeed, could he? Yet he must surely envisage the possibility that one reader, finishing one of his articles, said to himself "Splendid!" whereas another said to himself "What rubbish!"

All this aside (as the sick joke about Mrs Lincoln puts it), there are several interesting, straightforward facts of

journalistic history to be picked up from this book. The early magazines of the infant republic were few and of small circulation; biographies of eminent persons were soon accepted by editors; the random sample of "heroic occupations" in some magazine biographies between 1789 and 1820 shows 25 per cent politicians, 22 per cent clergymen and only 3 per cent women; by the 1890s an emphasis on "creativity, work, will and forcefulness" pervaded the Napoleonic model of success, as the current fashion for individualism came to signify "power and force rather than the more sober qualities of the Puritan ethic". As a highly impressionistic account of the way in which a certain limited number of editors reflected, in their selection of a certain limited type of material submitted to them, the presumed views of their readers, Mr Greene's study is mildly instructive. It is only when the tables and percentages begin to suggest that all this had a measurable effect on readers that one feels obliged to peer more closely at the machinery and the evidence.

To return to the opening admission of disappointment: it could be argued that a study of the heroes of magazine stories might have revealed a more sensitive area of possible influence on readers' fantasies. To identify oneself too closely with Napoleon is to run the risk of being confined to a madhouse; but a host of secret Don Quixotes and D'Artagnans and Sherlock Holmeses is fortunately still at large.

## Misconnexions

JAMES BALDWIN:  
No Name in the Street  
168pp. Michael Joseph, £2.

*No Name in the Street* is not an easy book to read: nor can it have been easy to write. When James Baldwin says that it was "much delayed by trials, assassinations, funerals and despair", it is his text, as much as the four years that it took to complete, that supplies convincing corroboration. It falls rather raggedly into two halves: a collection of autobiographical fragments, in the manner of his earlier essays; and a statement of his current position. One of the several reasons why it is difficult to read is the lack of articulation between the two halves, which often do not seem to have much to do with one another. The first contains episodes from Mr Baldwin's youth in Harlem, self-exile in Europe, and involvement in the early days of the Civil Rights movement. All these he has dealt with before; for this occasion he adds some reminiscences of Martin Luther King, and of a brief brush with Hollywood, where he hoped (rather improbably) to find "a resting place, reconciliation, in the land in which I was born". Sometimes, these passages achieve the clarity and telling precision of the earlier essays; the capacity to illuminate a general theme by reference to the particular, brilliantly exemplified in his account of Richard Wright in Paris. "Alas, Poor Richard", is still present. But on this occasion he has chosen to fragment his material and wed it to a polemic in the high rhetorical style of Black nationalism: "The Western party is over and the white man's sun has set. Period."

This desecration of formal design—and even, on one occasion, of syntax—in such a fastidious writer can hardly be anything but deliberate. The confusion and despair that Mr Baldwin now feels is reflected in the form in which he has chosen to cast his material. He comments: "Only connect." Henry James has said: "Perhaps only an American writer would have been driven to say it; his very existence being so threatened by the failure, in most American lives, of the most elementary and crucial connections. It happens that 'only connect' is the epigraph to Forster's *Howards End*. But Mr Baldwin is no longer concerned to play the literary essayist. He is conducting a painful

journey of rediscovery, sloughing off the role of Great Black Hope of the Great White Father, which he played in contradistinction to Malcolm X, painfully assimilating the lesson of Eldridge Cleaver's attack on him in *Soul On Ice*. Or, to put it another way, he is paying his dues; but, in so doing, trying to link his past as a writer to his future role in the Black movement.

The rage that Mr Baldwin still contained in *The Fire Next Time*, and which spluttered ineffectually in his published dialogue with Margaret Mead, has now burst to the surface. When once he could write, in *Notes of a Native Son*, that "I love America more than any country in the world", and in *The Fire Next Time* tell his nephew that "this is your home my friend, so do not be driven from it... we can make America what America must become", he now concludes that "white Americans are probably the sickest and certainly the most dangerous people, of any colour, to be found in the world today". The response to this confirmation of his worst fears has to be unequivocal. Once Mr Baldwin wrote, in *Nobody Knows My Name*, that "it is devoutly to be hoped that it will soon no longer be important to be black". Now "black is a tremendous spiritual condition, one of the greatest challenges anyone alive can face".

Yet some ambiguities remain unresolved. Mr Baldwin writes of the supreme failures of white Americans, that they stand condemned by their own children. But in his autobiographical passages he shows how both he himself and his elder brother in turn rejected their own father. He does not choose to explain that rejection, though he has written about it before. In *Notes of a Native Son*, perhaps that is because on this occasion he is concerned less with his personal history than with the circumstances of his fellow Afro-Americans with framing a Black artist's answer to just criticism. But by revealing, even without conscious intent, his continued common humanity with white Americans, Mr Baldwin modifies the harshness of his message. God may not have lost patience, yet, and flashed Noah that rainbow sign. Even so, this awkward, personal book, while not one of the major achievements of James Baldwin the writer, is clearly of fundamental significance for James Baldwin the human being.

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# TLS

71st Year 28 APRIL 1972 No. 3,661

## Viewpoint

BY W. J. WEATHERBY

New York is hard on the imagination. The city supplies more melodrama daily than you could get away with in a dozen novels. No wonder so many young novelists sit impotent at their typewriters, convinced they can create nothing to compare with the thunderbolts of reality outside. Some of them escape into the New Journalism (High Priests: Tom Wolfe, Gay Talese, Jimmy Breslin, etc.) and soon claim their lengthy works of reportage using a novelist's tricks are better than novels. That is like comparing a Karsh photograph to a Rembrandt painting, and yet one sympathizes with these young writers for justifying their fears and their sense of being overwhelmed by experience. It's good for journalism, too.

The imagination is downgraded every day. Hack works of non-fiction get acres of reviews while many competent novels—genuine creations—get a miserly paragraph or pass unnoticed. Sometimes it seems as though Americans are afraid of the imagination. Certainly the educational system, so closely tied to the job market, does its best to kill it. And the three groups that retain any real imaginative freedom—very young children (before TV), artists (who are unafraid), and people whose minds are regarded as abnormal (often safely put away in mental hospitals)—have only a lowly status in society. For the sake of the status quo, it is just as well. Only deadened imaginations could take the behaviour of most politicians seriously. Is this why so many of the aging young on pot cop out, for the little we know about pot suggests that at least it unlocks the cell door for the imagination? The poor undernourished brainwashed dying prisoner is suddenly given a full meal and shown the open skies. Handy stuff for anyone. No wonder people are so silly on pot, and some of its proper liquor and a good novel instead in order to release the prisoner.

As a sometime reader for New York publishers and magazines, I have been impressed by, first, the intelligence of the fiction submitted. It seems much smarter than that of my generation. It is also loaded with smart references. It took us all our time to digest Freud (and learn to reject a lot of it, to be free of it). In these stories, characters seem thoroughly familiar with all the latest intellectual influences. The locale is often a college campus, the chief character often a rather randy associate professor. I suppose this is the result of having a generation of writers more formally educated than ever before. Second, the poor imaginative quality (and therefore the writers' unwillingness to take risks).

as if the intelligence now has to do much of the work of the imagination (an impossible task because the intelligence is much more conventional). I notice an increase in analysis, a decrease in the sensuous detail that the imagination loves to play with (and helps to make life worth living). After reading a batch of such novels, one wants to press a switch and divert the writers into forms more compatible—into essays where ideas may be valued more than life styles, or the New Journalism (except that so many of them seem to lack a journalist's intense interest in other people's lives).

Some people in New York may be oppressed by the daily melodrama; I'm more aware of crushing Egos. I have never lived anywhere that had more people with a confessional urge. On first meetings I have heard long intimate life stories and then been abused for holding back my own. The problem is that after hearing the confession, I have still only a blurry impression of the person. It is as though they are playing a certain role, a starring role in a scene written by someone else, perhaps their psychiatrist. Sometimes in a few fragmentary phrases of English understatement I have learnt more about a person than from a long, long New York outpouring. Yet living among such aggressive, flamboyant Egos makes privacy difficult, and one begins to appreciate how everyone contributes to the melodrama in the streets. I also wonder nowadays whether all the Ego play isn't some kind of unconscious revolt against a way of life in which the imagination has so few outlets.

A writer I admire has just written an essay studded with name-droppings. In writing of a friend, he mentions not the people who loved him but the celebrities who showed up for his funeral. Does he do this out of fear, for name-dropping is the curse of insecure American writers? One can see the effect on his writing: the imagination can't take it and gets constricted. The style, usually so precise and muscular, loosens up disastrously. Sometimes it would be humane to prevent writers from knowing each other. Literary politics is a very subtle game in New York, played mainly by very intelligent and very bored people, but it is not a game that the imagination working at full speed can take seriously. A good editor would have asked him to cut out the name-dropping as it cheapened the piece. There might have been a row. He might have taken himself off to another publisher. The relationship between editor and author is like a love affair without love.

Factions, Black writing, they say, is on the wane; unless you are a

Celebrity. (I'd mention that the late Langston Hughes predicted it, if I were not now scared of name-dropping myself. It never pays to preach.) Ecology may have passed its peak. Educational publishing may no longer be a safe goldmine if money gets any tighter and the whole sheep-like system of adoptions goes to hell. What's the next upcoming trend? Anybody spotted one yet? Or tried to create one? Nobody ever mentions fiction. The combination of inflation and recession has nearly put first novels out of business. I recently read Graham Greene's autobiography, *A Sort of Life*, and was impressed by his determination to endure as a writer, and by his publisher's (or editor's) loyalty. After ten published books, his first printing was still under 4,000. I doubt whether a publisher now would give a novelist so long to become a good investment.

Are we going to lose some Greens or will they simply have to possess even greater powers of endurance? One thinks of Nabokov enduring the loss of a country (and a fortune) through revolution, his father through murder, his second home through Hitler, above all perhaps his language through continued exile, and yet going on to produce the marvellously imaginative *Invitation to a Beheading*. The happy moral? Writers—and the imagination—must surely be irresistible. All they need is a talent great enough to make the risks and distractions seem meaningless.

But that is asking for a lot in our conformist age: it begins to seem more and more akin to madness. How forward-looking of the Soviet authorities to put away some difficult writers who wouldn't shut up in mental hospitals rather than the old conventional prisons! When I was a boy in England, artists were already regarded as "Bohemian", which was a close neighbour to Officially Crazy. Critics of the system were apt to be dismissed as "Bolshevik", which I did not understand but knew from the tone that it must be a dangerous form of neurosis. Yet in my boyhood, still overcast from the Depression, these were generally the only people who told us how things should or could be—who could make an imaginative flight out of our wartime austerity into a world more worthy of us. Sometimes the downgrading of the imagination seems part of a deliberate attempt being made everywhere to maintain the status quo at all costs. It is surely a hopeless attempt, too, unless we are all to be transformed into the kind of people you meet in non-fiction, rather bloodless types and limited to the surface of things. Publishers have a great responsibility not only to make a profit but also to make sure literature (and all it stands for) is not drowned in a flood of non-books, and all our senses with it.

I would like to write about the relationship between the last people who become professional writers, the kind of people who jobs in publishing, and the people who buy books, particularly hardcover books. But we do not know enough to do any more than speculate. On the whole, we write about what they are for, with people in publishing that deal with matters they are familiar with or sympathetic to, and buyers usually seek to identify with them. Three groups come from a comparatively small section of society, and not from a healthy one, then much of our way of writing is uncovered, unrecorded in any way, and our literature suffers from an unconscious form of censorship. This is a point minority group, fond of making, and since plunges us too deeply into generalizations. The imagination begins to bog down. How would it be rewarded (with time, with jobs) for extensive formal education (which does not help imagination and may even choke it from all walks of life and a dose of formal education was necessarily a qualification; it was more evenly distributed twice as many people could do hardcover books?

In my Kafka cell on a good I imagine a revolution with fiction back in power, but on a I see publishing going out of business in a chaos of small publishers and a thousand different And then I escape the classic way we are losing. I peer the cell window at a patch of blue sky (or is it only in my mind?) and I escape into what counts: our relationship with the rest of nature. has been so little written about the only subject really worthy of But it is wild a wilderness easy boundaries, no labels, no insurance, no safe way back. Labelling it Sex. Or Biology. Botany. Anthropology. Sociology. For in no time at all the bright blue sky will have faded into the mind, and the prisoner a pupil, a clerk, a computer be left to the four walls of his And we need to break out.

### NEXT WEEK:

#### Books and the BBC

The first of a series of articles by David Webb examining the relations between them.

## Shambala

Shambala of Berkeley, California, is a publisher dedicated to exploring and mapping man's inner world, and to expressing creatively the potential of man's evolution. Routledge is distributing books for Shambala, and the first, just published, are the *Lunatic Cycle* by Dane Rudhyar £1.20. *Mudra* by Chogyam Trungpa £1.75. *The Song of Songs* by Carlo Suarès £2.80. *The Pulse of Life* by Dane Rudhyar 90p. and 1234567890 by Arthur Okamura and Robert Creeley £1.10, and watch out for the mouth-watering *Tassajara Bread* Book £1, coming on May 25. For further information on these and other books write for our Shambala prospectus.

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# TLS THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT CHILDREN'S BOOKS

FRIDAY 28 APRIL 1972

## In and out of fashion

BY GILLIAN AVERY

But except for a small handful of masterpieces they are more interesting to the social historian than to the literary critic. Harvey Darton's study, *Children's Books in England*, still far and away the best on the topic, was written "as a minor chapter in the history of social life... a record of what certain human beings meant to write, and of their reasons for writing if they can be discovered".

Harvey Darton saw the whole period with which he dealt—from the Newbery books to *Dream Days*—in perspective, with its varying fashions and fads. He did not apply literary standards; he gave us much space to fairy stories as to the outraged horror of the "rational" writers of the time who opposed them; he included the Sunday school reward books, and the boisterous boys' bloods that

is the most popular children's writer of the century, and you should not give a book such an all-embracing title as Mr Eyre has, and state in your preface that its purpose is to examine "the main trends in the development of British children's literature during the first seventy years of this century" if you are going to concentrate on the "prestige" books read only by a minority, and ignore the one writer whom all of them know, and who has dominated childhood for three generations. Enid Blyton deserves a chapter in any such book. Even more interesting than the compulsion she exerts over children is the extraordinary emphyse she has attracted from the children's book wallahs who, instead of fighting to protect the older schoolchild from the pornography and violence that beset him, are furiously engaged in spiking the guns of a most upright and well-meaning writer for the younger ones.

Though the field of the "good" children's book has now been well trodden, Mr Eyre's account of it is quite interesting (though perhaps too abundant in minor names) and his literary assessments shrewd. He is not afraid of having misgivings about some of the "in" names of the moment. He admits that children read their books at a completely different level from adults, and that they miss the subtleties authors with their eyes on the critics introduce nowadays. But he does not see that by pleading for even more serious critical attention he is encouraging this tendency. It seems to me that children would enjoy themselves a lot more if we relaxed some of this anxious brooding over their reading and became more light-hearted. And this book would have been more interesting if more space had been given to what children do read, instead of what the experts would like them to read.

For this reason two books compiled for the collector have much more feel of a period. A. S. W. Rosenbach's catalogue of his own collection, *Early American Children's Books*, has long been the unique authority on the subject. It was issued in a limited edition in 1933, and it now appears as a Dover paperback, a beautiful piece of book production. His earliest book is 1682, his latest 1836 (a reading book for the Seneca Indians).

In between are religious tracts and parental advice, nursery rhymes, adventures, fables, and such books of warning as *Vice in its Proper Shape*, or, *The Wonderful and Melancholy Transformation of several Naughty Masters and Misses into those Contemtable Animals which they most Resemble in Disposition*. (This includes the "surprising trans-

He protested that for reasons of space he could say little about aesthetic merits. In fact he indicates a lot. In a sentence or two he can convey the delicious fantasy of *Mopsy the Fairy*, the preposterous yet compulsive quality of *Eric* ("that immovable moral jellyfish left behind by the tide"), and put his finger on what makes *Alice* unique.

But succinct and astute as his literary comments are, the great value of Harvey Darton is the way he relates the books to the prevalent adult attitudes of the time. "It is children that read children's books", William Godwin told Charles Lamb, "but it is the parents who choose them." Did those parents of the past want to have their children instructed, frightened into good behaviour, persuaded into it, filled with love of God, or were they content to have them merely entertained? Children's books will tell us. They will tell us too a great deal about contemporary taste, about the virtues and prejudices in vogue—whether the emphasis is on truth-telling or obedience, on team-games or on ponies. But precisely because of this they are, with a few notable exceptions, ephemeral. Thirty or forty years later and all interest, except for the historian, has gone from them.

the fastidious shrank from. This is where he gains immeasurably over the mere reading guide. To concentrate only on books which are acceptable to current educational theory is to ignore a great deal.

Frank Eyre's *British Children's Books in the Twentieth Century*, a new edition of a book originally issued in 1952, is better than some reading guides, in that he does preface it with a brief survey of publishing trends of the century; from the early days, still dominated by the giants of the previous age, through the doldrums of the late 1920s and 1930s, to the postwar renaissance and the present-day cult of the myth and pseudo-myth, and the appearance of the latest genre—"novels for new adults". He gives a short account of paperback trends, but he does ignore, except for two passing, slighting references, the phenomenon of Enid Blyton.

When *The Sunday Times* a couple of years ago produced a list of people who had had a formative effect on the twentieth century, they chose only two children's writers: Beatrix Potter and Enid Blyton. On this occasion I had to admire the perspicacity of the Sunday papers, and the sacrifice necessary in shedding received opinion. Of course Enid Blyton

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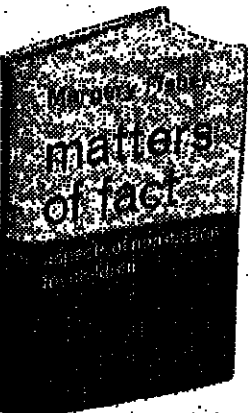
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## Caught up in history

E. M. ALMEDINGEN:  
Anna

Illustrated by Robert Micklewright  
Oxford University Press. £1. (19 271337 X)

MARGARET LOVETT:  
Jonathan

Faber and Faber. £1.50. (571 09835 5)

ANN SCHLEE:  
The Consul's Daughter

Macmillan. £1.50. (333 13516 4)

The historical novel for children has for many years set a standard by which other writing has been judged. Always a fruitful source of a good yarn, the heroic past offers authors a chance to explore fairly complex themes of personality and judgment, relating the events of bygone days to contemporary concerns and proving the constancy of recurrent patterns of human experience. The list of successful authors in this field is long indeed and to them we owe much that has come to be ranked among the best writing for young adolescents.

Part of the reader's satisfaction comes from finding his (or her) immediate concerns treated in the setting of another time and place, thus enabling him to speculate about them, freed from the limitations he knows, yet accepting those of Roman Britain, the Civil War, the Crusades. Thus many of the best-known novelists deal with themes such as what constitutes loyalty, what is worth dying for, or on what conditions is life worth living, by allowing the lives of apparently ordinary boys and girls to cross those of the great: strolling players see Queen Bess, for example. Or there are others who more directly chronicle the lives of the young in other centuries when the *rites de passage*, so confused in our own day, were more clearly defined. The triumph of Rosemary Sutcliffe's art, for example, lies in her exploration of the question: "What do I have to do to be accepted as an adult?"

Perhaps its very success, and the skill of the authors who saw in it the kind of writing they wanted to do for young adults, have meant that the historical novel has reached a point where it is bound to change if it is to continue to be significant. Repetition would mean a lapse into the formulas of lesser costume fiction.

Thus the nostalgia caused by E. M. Almedingen's *Anna*, completed shortly before her death, is doubled. The stories of this sensitive and gifted writer, all based on the chronicles of her family in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, are infused with devotion and nostalgia. Her last book, *Anna* also marks the end of an era. Although she does not shirk the social implications of a feudal society which persisted into our century, the author empathizes so completely with the heroine, Anna, that the reader sees the book as autobiographical fiction in the best tradition of "the good old days". Anna is nearly drowned crossing a river in an overloaded ferry boat and later set upon by wandering ruffians who are subsequently hanged, but it is difficult to feel that the calm of the *Anna* of the scholarly eighteenth-century seed-merchant is ever really threatened. Her brother, after travelling in the rest of Europe, marries the daughter of an English parson. His going is a muted tragedy. Anna herself is all that a remarkable girl should be in childhood, a little princess in the mercantile world of her Moscow suburb. The virtues of the intense identification of the author with her subject are seen in the details of occupations, food, the rituals of the Orthodox year, the benevolent paternalism. The shadows of coming events are short. Anna's life is a scholarly idyll beautifully written. It is unlikely there will be any more of this kind.

Fewer concessions are made to the grimmer facts of history by Margaret Lovett in *Jonathan*, the story of a family of orphans at the mercy of the poor laws of the early nineteenth century. The reader's pact with the author is to believe in the arrival

of Jonathan, a wandering disciple of Junius, bitterly impassioned about the conditions of the enslaved poor, at the moment the children's mother dies pulling the parish cart. The youth makes the children his responsibility and they travel north by road and canal, working in the potteries, mines and mills of the industrial revolution. "At all men's mercy". The facts of the conditions of orphaned apprentices have never been in doubt, but to feel them through the pores of a crying baby, a slower country child of seven, bright literate twins of ten and a deformed dwarf from a race-show is a new experience. Liz, the eldest, is not convinced that Jonathan, so respected by grown men for his views and skills, will saddle himself with dependent children, so it is not a simple case of innocence triumphing in the face of oppression.

Accustomed as we are to high standards of verisimilitude, this is nevertheless a distinctive book. The pitiable state of the poor, locked in their bonds of necessity and exploitation, is matched by the barely repressed anger of the boy whose characterization bears the author's conviction of the necessity to preserve human dignity in the face of overwhelming odds. Jonathan's pity is for those who, like Thomas, are maimed by life; his contempt is for those who give up their freedom and use necessity as an excuse. A closer analysis of the author's relationship to his reader reveals a fine indignation about the lot of children sleeping under the tables in the pottery, killed by unguarded mill machinery, hardened by vicious treatment, all carried by convincing dialogue. Interestingly enough, literacy, the burden of much present-day educational concern, is presented in both of these novels as a means of freedom. Yet these generalizing features are shown in highly particularized settings so that the rights and wrongs of any situation are seen to have ambiguity and complication usually missing from writing for adolescents.

This breakthrough to a new individualized kind of historical novel is even more apparent in Ann Schlee's second book *The Consul's Daughter*. As in her first book, *The Strangers*, the author selects a historical incident—here it is the siege of Algiers in 1816—and recounts it from the specialized viewpoint of a participant, Ann, daughter of the British consul. For the events Miss Schlee follows Lord Exmouth's dispatch of the bombardment. Ann and her stepmother, her senior by only two years, and her baby half-brother were smuggled aboard

the sloop *Prometheus* when the siege was in preparation. The Gibraltar but the *Prometheus* turned back with the British fleet and took part in the bombardment. Woven into the story of the sojourn of the women in the "wooden kingdom" of Algiers is the theme of Ann's struggle to life outside the shelter of the British garden which she found as if he were an Englishman. At her departure Ann is estranged from her stepmother, her playmate. She packs her belongings into the saddle bag. On her return carrying her half-brother, and childhood has gone, the experience of a seafaring life replaced her romantic daydreams of a peaceful and pleasant life.

This novel is a fascinating study to Miss Almedingen's, while Jonathan stands in between them. The story is simply episodic, the events of her life even less consciously crisis and wakes when it is over. When I think of home it is not only the shattering awareness that he has thrown away all their childhood values and moved into a life of no-man's-land but also the realization that the reader's life is a journey, and nowdays all too many manifestations of this state of mind. The Ben whose room used to be full of laughing and shouting who used to make up stories for someone called Glumaster, who on the zombie grown-ups so they can go off every morning to their hate; who, playing their game of "If I had a horse" would use it to travel the country with a basketful of other flutes, a tubatout and leather-copies of all the flute music

Miss Schlee's characters were complex with a difference. Even her inner and outer world, the heat of the town, the evening on board ship, the powder red battle are palpable reflection of feelings of those involved. The reader sees each clearly and partially, puzzled, with the meal understanding of some whose sensibilities are made to make a pattern of what seem to grasp at once: the surprise mode of address, the consultant about his farm, the death of an old midshipman, beside which the fire and the heroism are but the noises of a moment. In this the reader, thanks to the author's skill with the short sentence, is left with the short sentence, but the result is more than a voice.

It may be that the historical novel as a genre is giving way to the pluralism of a significant historical episode as it changes the lives of people involved in it by chance. Showing that she has all the needed to provide a stirring historical novel, Miss Schlee picks up a theme which only the best practitioners in the genre have dealt with: what it like to be alive at a given time

## Scratching a living

HESRA BRINSMEAD:

Longtime Passing  
Angus and Robertson. £1.25. (207 12276 8)

Longtime is the fictional name of a settlement in the Australian blue-gum forest. Based on the author's own childhood, this is the story of the Truelance family who settled there in the years of the Depression. Father ("There's a wild look in that young man's eye," said Grandmother Wilkins, "even if he is a theology student") gave up missionary work in Java to join his three brothers on selections in Longtime; there he constructed a ramshackle house for his growing family, and by saw-milling and farming earned a precarious living for them. There were always rabbits to shoot or potatoes to dig; though the five children might go barefoot, they did not lack food.

Mother, realizing, "it was no use telling her offspring that their father, to be quite honest about it, was a man who by nature was not cut out to be a farmer", succeeded by hard work and improvisation in keeping life cheerful, contriving clothes from flour sacks, somehow providing tomato sandwiches ("a rare delicacy") for birthday treats, and teaching the children by correspondence

lessons at the kitchen table until by one they were old enough to down to Sydney to school.

Assorted uncles and aunts tell the story, the aunts not all as Mother: Aunt Imogen, who all in white, took a quick look at her son and presented Under with an ultimatum which after a long drink taken, he ruefully agreed to his brothers. "It was her mother, you see," said Grandmother Wilkins, "even if he is a theology student." By turns funny and grim, this is an authentic account of a comparatively neglected, heroic aspect of Australian childhood. Grown-ups and children are portrayed equally vividly; what is in common is a sense of the Australian blend of toughness and sentimentality which will appeal to readers well on from the "age 10" up," suggested by the publishers.

Collins's "Evergreen" Library nicely produced series (60p each) those who like to see books in series have recently added *Reginald and the Lion* to its list. The three *Reginald* books appear in the format are *Collins's To Tame a Shaver*, *Alan Carter and the Sound of Thunder* and *Reginald and the Sound of Thunder*. *Reginald and the Sound of Thunder* is a delightful book, but *Reginald and the Sound of Thunder* is a delightful book, but *Reginald and the Sound of Thunder* is a delightful book.

## Holden's little sister

ELLA FOX:

*Live in the Sea*  
Macmillan. £1.60. (333 12972 5)

The theme of her new book *How to Live in the Sea* Ella Fox has chosen one of the most poignant situations in life—that of a girl when she is growing up and away from home, yet full of insight and imagination, delighting with every pungent phrase, it is a very good story.

Carrie, who tells the story, is just a girl, alternately tough and vulnerable and likeable all the time. She lives in an apartment with her mother and a pleasant parents and her half brother, the son of her mother's first husband, an unknown quantity who hasn't been heard of for years. Carrie has adored Ben all her life. When Ben is around it is usually notice other people than Ben. When I think of home it is not only the shattering awareness that he has thrown away all their childhood values and moved into a life of no-man's-land but also the realization that the reader's life is a journey, and nowdays all too many manifestations of this state of mind. The Ben whose room used to be full of laughing and shouting who used to make up stories for someone called Glumaster, who on the zombie grown-ups so they can go off every morning to their hate; who, playing their game of "If I had a horse" would use it to travel the country with a basketful of other flutes, a tubatout and leather-copies of all the flute music

But it does, when a letter comes from Ben's father suggesting a meeting and Ben asks Carrie to go with him, needing her to bolster him up in his nervousness. Pleased, but still

## Problems of pain

The HANDICAPPED CHILD is a familiar figure in realistic fiction for children, going back at least to early Victorian times with *Marlineau's* *Hugh in the Iron Shoes*. There are two main types of looking at him: from inside, to make, inviting the reader to feel himself what it would be like to be able to walk or hear or what it may be; and from outside, to make the reactions of normal people and others to having a handicapped child as a (perhaps embarrassing) part of the social scene. Either way, physical affliction is hard to handle fictionally, not errors of fact or taste. The books reviewed here are all concerned with handicapped children, and only one can be said to add to its reputation.

This is *Mister O'Brien*, which, as it appears, is also the one that identifies itself consistently with its central character and thrusts the reader most into the midst of things. It is *Mister O'Brien*, with his leg in a plaster cast, with his leg in a plaster cast, with his leg in a plaster cast. It is *Mister O'Brien*, with his leg in a plaster cast, with his leg in a plaster cast, with his leg in a plaster cast.

In the end we see Glen, with the help of his new friends, accepting and coming to terms with his disability. In fact "coming to terms with reality" is the prescription for all concerned. Lyndall sees that she cannot run other people's lives for them, Graham writes off girl and car and enrolls at the technical college, and the poor old tramp resolves to live with his sister in her prim suburban house and be a respectable old man. (One feels sorry for him, but consoles oneself with the thought that he will never sick it.) The author indeed lides everybody up too neatly; the result is a worthy book that does not quite convince.

Jo Rice's *Robbie's Mob* also has an Australian setting. The Mob is the numerous Robbins family, and the mainspring of the story is the return from hospital of little Pippa, deaf as the result of an accident at the age of six. But there is not a great deal about Pippa in the story; one has the impression that the author did not know quite what to do with her, and the main impact of the story is the return of Pippa.

that has ever been written"—this Ben has vanished. In his place there is a tall thin person in a drooping coat with the buttons off and the collar up, looking older than anyone there. He has stopped washing, stopped playing and stopped communicating; his only, maddening, form of action is to write everywhere and on everything the cryptic phrase of the book's title.

He says it in many ways. I've found it written on matchbook covers, on brown paper bags from the supermarket, in dust on the windows. That makes *Anna* mad because you can't get window cleaners to come any more. He writes "Blowfish live in the sea" on the envelopes of unopened letters he finds lying on the hall table. This makes my father mad.

Once again, how familiar and how vivid it all is, Ben's bare room and the bed without bedclothes (pillows are bad for the brain), the dreadful girl, India, that he brings home, with her floppy hat and moth-eaten fur coat, her yellow sunglasses and "her little boney head all covered with thin, shining slippery looking yellow hair", the rawhide thong which he ties round his own head. Finding this the last straw, symbol of everything that distresses them, his mother and embarrassed step-father, whose relations with Ben make Carrie feel as though the toaster was going to blow up, beg Carrie, as intermediary, to get him to take it off. But what is the use? They are no longer in touch. "I feel as if my clothes are all held together with safety pins and my shoes don't fit, neither of which is true. How could it all change back again?"

But it does, when a letter comes from Ben's father suggesting a meeting and Ben asks Carrie to go with him, needing her to bolster him up in his nervousness. Pleased, but still

the book is made by the rowdiness and confusion of the Robbins family life. Unfortunately it is hard for even an attentive reader to remember which is which among all these children and their friends; the whole thing becomes an exhausting name-and-age chase. The last chapter, in which (it appears) Pippa is cured by a Christmas miracle, is too sentimental to ring true.

Monica Dickens's "World's End" books about the Fielding family have everything needed for popularity: easy professional story-telling with many neat and some humorous touches; bold, simple characterization; a general sense that "we" are the right sort of people, even if a bit hard up at the moment; and above all the irresistible odour of horse-droppings. They are light reading, and there's nothing wrong with that; Pippa, the cinder branch of Pan, have recently issued *The House at World's End* and *Summer at World's End* in paperback (20p each).

The trouble with *World's End in Winter* is that its theme requires more weight than the author cares to give it. The Fielding children, come to the rescue of little Priscilla, confined to a wheelchair by injury to her spinal cord, and teach her to ride a pony. In the end "the wheelchair lay on its side in the grass. She was free." Good. But Priscilla might almost as well be a doll, for all the imaginative involvement there is in her situation. And although admittedly the story doesn't pretend to look at the world through Priscilla's eyes—she is always seen from outside—one is left feeling that Miss Dickens has dealt too easily with a distressing human predicament.

PRINCE, ANDREW: *Mister O'Brien*. Heinemann. £1.45. (434 92720 1) [To be published on May 1].

ELLENOR SPENCE: *The Nothing-Place*. Illustrated by Geraldine Spence. Oxford University Press. £1. (19 271335 3)

JO RICE: *Robbie's Mob*. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Kingswood, Surrey: World's Work. £1.35. (437 71532 3)

MONICA DICKENS: *World's End in Winter*. Heinemann. £1.45. (434 93448 8)

## A Selection from Oxford



### The Owl and the Woodpecker

An Owl who liked to sleep by day and hunt by night quarrelled with his neighbour, the Woodpecker, who tapped noisily all day and slept at night. The problem was solved by two heavers and a great storm and the Owl and the Woodpecker became friends. Written and illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. £1.10 net.

### The Sultan's Bath

Someone is stealing the Sultan's precious bath water. It turns out to be Gul Baba, the gardener, who is using it for his roses. He is thrown in a dungeon. But now the garden begins to fade. Fortunately Gul Baba thinks of a solution which makes everybody happy. Written and illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. 90p net.

### The Monk and the Goat

At the top of a high mountain in Greece lived a contented Monk, at the bottom lived a contented Goat. One day they decided to change places—only to find a surprise in store for them both. Written and illustrated by William Papis. £1.25 net.

### The Island

Taro, a little Japanese boy, finds magic flowers and pebbles which he sells to the villagers in return for rice. When the news reaches the ears of the Shogun, however, there is trouble for Taro. Written and illustrated by Ian Riddon. £1.10 net.

### Modern Poetry

A long awaited collection of poems for every mood and taste, covering many aspects of life, by writers who are mostly alive today. Compiled by John Ross Townsend with reproductions of modern works of art selected by Doreen Roberts. £2.25 net.

### The English Civil War

As well as describing vividly the course of the war itself, the author traces in a clear, concise way the complex events that preceded and followed it, and highlights some of the leading personalities of the time. Written and illustrated by C. Waller Hodge. £1.00 net.

### The Nothing-Place

"The nothing-place" is how Glen Calder's brother sums up the Melbourne suburb where they have come to live. But twelve-year-old Glen, partially deaf, is more concerned with finding his way at a new school and among new people. Written by Eleanor Spence and illustrated by Geraldine Spence. £1.00 net.

### Family at The Lookout

There is something alarming and mysterious about Miss Hatch, the housekeeper at the "Lookout" and Mark takes action to expose her illegal activities. Written by Noreen Shelley and illustrated by Robert Micklewright. £1.15 net.

## Oxford University Press

Books for Children and Young People







# Songs of summer

was just that. With predictable  
ity throughout the day her round  
her glasses and her determined  
came to my mind, imposed them-  
in front of whatever I happened  
looking at.

My brother and sister come to  
they look like angels, behave  
devils. They plague Marvin, try  
Lohann away. He wavers and  
but accepts them in the scene.  
are all recognizable young  
to outwardly simple a book.

The sequel, *Ellen and the Queen*, is less somber and thought-provoking but is equally rich in period detail and in attitude. Ellen, who is now 14, is usually excluded from the school party, which is to be permitted to welcome the Queen on her visit to the Great House. Eventually, however, Ellen sees not just the Queen but her LEGS—and even little Lucy Baines knows it is rude to have legs. When it comes to this point, Ellen proves to be as much as anyone else a child of her time. Today's children will find it difficult to appreciate her feelings of horror and fear—but certainly many teenagers will find her feelings of revulsion at their attractive pair of bookends and their good illustrations by Krystyna Turkska, and hope that Ellen will have more adventures.

A black and white line drawing of a horse pulling a carriage. The horse is shown in profile, facing left, with a harness and blinkers. The carriage is a simple two-wheeled vehicle with a driver seated at the front. The driver is wearing a hat and a light-colored shirt. The carriage has a large, dark, textured load on the back. The entire scene is set on a ground surface indicated by simple lines.

# GOLLANCZ

And also . . .

ANDRÉ NORMAN: *Exit of the Longman*, E.L.O. (1982) 124pp. Sequel to the highly praised first half-century fiction novel *The Three Rings*. Entries of the fortune of the planet Venus after a crash landing on a planet which is not as he first thought. It is a narrative boldly changing with Krip and Havel and his culture.

From *The Hastelanders*

give a theory that grown-ups don't understand children nearly as well as they think they do, complaining Mark, the narrator's family at *The Lookout*, and opposition is echoed by Lars Erik in *The Wastelanders*: "Grown-ups understand so little. They only understand what they see." Perhaps we forget how vivid they are, limited to "shades" in the child's mind. The inner life, the core of childhood and dreamland which permeates childhood experience, is largely lost from them. One of the great strengths of Theodor Birkeland's *The Wastelanders* is the vividness with which he re-creates this inner world, giving the excitement, hilarity and joy which children invest in seemingly mundane events. Like the book's narrator, described as "family, his pets, what happened at school, and how his father and brother, with three other boys, explore a piece of wasteland and build a hide-out there," the author himself falls well within the range of everyday experiences and are ceremonial occasions suddenly become significant—versal, and their details are provided by a sensitive and angry sixteen-year-old. The book is filled with the kind of brilliant and often hilarious observations that

**And also . . .**

**ANDRÉ NORTON:** *Exiles of the Longman; 41-49, (1982) 184pp.* Norton is the highly praised author of the science-fiction novel *The Three Rings*. *Exiles of the Longman* shows the fortunes of planet-traveller Krip Vorlund through centuries after a crash-landing on a planet which is not as advanced as he first thought. One of the survivors builds a canoe, and ends with Krip and his crew on a voyage to their colony.



## Fancy cats



THIS is a new Orlando book, not a reissue, and the veteran hand is as assured as ever it was. But if technique remains this artist's strength, it is still allied to what might be called an aesthetic flaw, a blunting of imagination. The text is simple, literate, lively and entertaining, evoking easy visual ideas. The pictures too often seem to bludgeon and stop the mind. Orlando himself is, as always, arresting and satisfying: an undiluted graceful shape in fiery orange gold. He is Miss Hale's real triumph. But the supporting cast might come from another hand—or head. Why clothes, for a start? If they must be used, some formalizing treatment (and there are plenty of instances down the centuries) best resolves the matter. Miss Hale quite simply forces naturalistic creatures into realistic human gear. Although nothing here is as unpleasant as the horse crammed into pyjamas or the calf into other exact and uncomfortable garments of her earlier books, the cats can still be shown (see p 12, for instance) on four legs in hot constricting blazers, coats (with sleeves) and other bundlings. Children, do not copy.

The story describes a family visit to France to visit some cousins, the Water Cats. "I've a letter," says Orlando, "from a friend of theirs who looks after them, inviting us to play." They are, in fact, reflections in

the water; we learn the secret, the simple cats never do. The invitation comes, very fittingly, from a Chat-eau, where their hostess is Chuteline. ("I'm Chat-Elaine. I look after the Chateau, but call me Elaine.") She, by the way, a pleasant character (the mice do much of her Mousework after dark), wears only cap and keys. In the *cats* regard the reflected family, so much like their own. But when they dive in, wearing frog-suits, the water-cats have gone.

There is other treasure, though. And in a nearby cave they find a shy, unhappy couple, Mr and Mrs Cronmignon (the does cave paintings), hiding away because they are so ugly. Oddly, in the text, the wife's hair is "fuzzy". In the picture, it is silky, fair and straight. "Even slugs," says the tactful Grace, "are much admired by other slugs"—and soon the simian pair are perplexingly tilted out in full eighteenth-century gowns, wigs, lace, fan, sword and all—from the chateau wardrobe. They become a tourist attraction and never go hungry again. This bizarre alliance—curious fancy, flat, insistent pictures, over-realistic detail—is as good an instance as any of what troubles us in the otherwise happy pages of Miss Hale's books.

KATHLEEN HALE: *Orlando and the Water Cats*, Cape, £1.25, (224 00662 2)

## O! what transports of delight

TO CELEBRATE the centenary of Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days* Jonathan Cape have published, under the same title, John Burningham's largely pictorial record of an eighty-day round-the-world trip made in 1970. Today, clearly, the trip is less hazardous than it was in 1872, but the speed and efficiency of modern transport make the change from one country to another all the more abrupt and bewildering, and what Mr Burningham's book does supremely well is show what it feels like to be constantly battered by contrasts.

The text is in a terse, notebook style and does not aspire to give anything like an exhaustive account of the mammoth journey. Any geographical information that took the author's fancy is passed on, but this is essentially a personal record and one that is well worth having. The pictures are a delight, covering the whole spectrum from minute cartoons to full-colour, two-page paintings. Particularly engaging are Mr Burningham's fantastic reductions of the whole atmosphere of a country to a single picture. The end-pages, consisting of a collage of the documents the author collected on his travels, furnish a kind of concrete evidence that the journey really happened, and they make fascinating reading on their own.

No less delightful, though they could hardly be more different, are Erol Le Cain's elegant, formal illustrations to an adapted version of

Charles Perrault's *Cinderella*. It is hard to do justice to the style of these pictures, which combine echoes of Beaudouin and of Art Nouveau with the delicate precision of an Elizabethan miniaturist. The colours are muted and magical and the decorative detail which crowds nearly every page is a delight to the eye. Mr Le Cain has achieved a near-perfect fusion of romance, artifice and humour.

Another old favourite reborn with delectable new illustrations is *The Ugly Duckling*. Andersen's heart-rending but highly satisfactory story finds in Josef Paláček an artist alive to all its moods and well able to convey them in visual terms. His paintings, whether of the gossiping birds in the poultry yard, of golden summer landscapes, of deep violet-and-blue night scenes, or of a savage, blood-red hunting scene, are of such high quality that you wish you could go out and buy the originals.

*The Round Sultan and the Straight Answer* is a Turkish folktale, retold by Barbara K. Walker. Its theme is both topical and perennial—fat: the Sultan, who loves good living and is initially proud of the resultant rotundity, eats himself into a state of total immobility. The doctors all have great confidence in their cures for obesity, but since the Sultan sees no harm in enlivening their prescriptions with rice and chicken and trays of baklava they are all thrown into the dungeon as failures, forced to follow their own

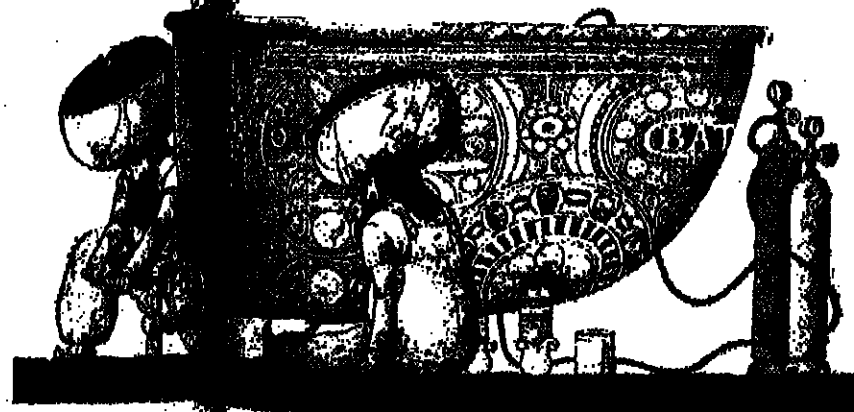
regimes. A hamlet, or village, finally produces a cure. It is amusing to divulge its nature, and amusing as those for *The* *Printhe* is a very funny

Over-eating crops up in folk-tale, this time from Jack Kent. *The Fat Cat* is a tale of a cat who is eating the gruel he has been told and illustrated by an American author, Jose Aruego. "Even though he was not hungry Pilyo was not a cat who was not an exemplary hobby along the banks of the river, but Pilyo's optimism and integrity make him an so fat gets eaten up too. He recites a litany of all his sins every time he is about to eat, so that he can give him now I am going to eat. If you can put up with repetition of the split he book is good fun, and he will enjoy joking in. The are funny and preposterous and it quite plain at the no one is any the worse adventure.

Mr Kent tells a story of *Mr Meebles*—a comic about an imaginary character

of the Acropolis and for their help, the hedgehogs fly to Athens by British eagle (from the Zoo) and scare off Papinof, the cat who has been terrorizing the mice and stealing their cheese. After their victory, like the Western hero riding into the sunset, the Magnificent Four sail away to a new assignment in Istanbul. The author's black, spiky illustrations are often striking but sometimes too smudgy to be coherent.

Veronica, the heroine of Roger Duvoisin's latest book, is a hippopotamus with a mind and will of her own, and when she takes a fancy to Candy, the white kitten belonging to a neighbouring farmer, all the attempts of their respective owners to keep them apart are futile. "I'll go and fetch Candy a hundred times if I have to," says Veronica. "I'll not be without my friend", and when all the animals from both farms decide to join her in her cross-country trek in search of Candy, the owners give in and the friends are reunited. *Veronica and the Birthday Present* is a hilarious tale, and Mr Duvoisin illustrates it with his usual combination of lyricism and wit.



JOHN BURNINGHAM: *Around the World in Eighty Days*, Cape, £1.95, (224 00659 2)

CHARLES PERRAULT: *Cinderella*, illustrated by Erol Le Cain, Faber and Faber, £1.25, (571 00694 8)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN: *The Ugly Duckling*, illustrated by Josef Paláček, German translation edited by Phyllis Hoffman, Abelard-Schuman, £1.40, (200 71739 1)

BARBARA K. WALKER: *The Round Sultan and the Straight Answer*, illus-

trated by Trino Henstra, Kingswood, Surrey; World's Work, £1.25, (437 84190 1)

JACK KENT: *The Fat Cat*, (241 02130 8), Mr Meebles: (241 02131 6), Hamish Hamilton, £1.25 each.

JOSE ARUEGO: *Pilyo the Printhe*, Hamish Hamilton, £1.25, (241 02086 7)

BRIAN ANSON: *The Magnificent Four*, Methuen, £1, (416 08940 2)

ROGER DUVOISIN: *Veronica and the Birthday Present*, Bodley Head, £1.05, (370 01135 X)

## Feeling small

PARENTS can be very irritated by a children's author who talks over himself to assure his young readers that he knows just how they think and feel. The child, however, generally seems less disposed to be put off, and it is always encouraging for him to find that his anti-social emotions or feelings of inadequacy are not so singular as he had imagined.

In *The Sky Little Girl*, Phyllis Krasilovsky tells the story of Anne, who is so convinced that she is ugly and uninteresting that she never asserts herself other than in the classroom or among the other children in the playground. When a new girl joins the school and chance throws the two together in the playground, Anne finds a friend of her own age for the first time, and gradually acquires an appreciation of her own worth. Anne's development from the shy little girl of the title into someone who is not afraid to be seen and heard is illustrated with pleasant realism in the delicate yet almost painfully honest pencil drawings by Trina Schart Hyman. The book may encourage other small girls to realize that their misgivings about themselves are largely unfounded.

*Best Friends*, by Miriam Cohen, has a convincing nursery-school setting, nicely established both by the account of the children's language and preoccupations and by Lillian Hoban's paintings of stocky, busy little figures moving purposefully about in the scaled-down world of the classroom. All the children chatter glibly about being best friends, but Paul and Jim discover that this is what they really are when a crisis impels them to joint action.

The trials and rewards of being very small are the subject of Pat Hutchins's very attractive new picture book, *Titch*. "Titch was likele," the book begins, and it goes on to show graphically the desolate life of the youngest of a family. He struggles desperately along on his tricycle as his big brother and sister sail grandly off on their bikes, and while they fly their kites high above the trees he stands forlornly clutching a pin-wheel. At the end of this sympathetic book, however, we discover that size is not everything and that moments of tremendous achievement are waiting for even the smallest and youngest.

Jenny, the heroine of Doris Orgel's moral poem, *Sarah's Room*, also suffers from being small and young. Big sister Sarah's room, with its flowery wallpaper, dolly house and orderly rows of ornaments, is a paradise from which Jenny is excluded because she is considered too young to be careful and tidy. The poignancy of the exclusion is feelingly expressed, and Maurice Sendak's very Victorian drawings point it up by showing Jenny as a barefoot wail on every page until the last, when she finally attains the dignity of a beautiful room of her own and is seen neatly shod. The book's small size and proper sentiments will endear it to small girls of Sarah's type: perhaps the poem will even momentarily soften their hearts towards their younger sisters.

With Mildred Kantrowitz's *Maxie* we step from books where children see their own difficulties reflected to one where they are offered the chance to consider the problems of others. The specific problem dealt with is the loneliness of old age: "You're perfectly happy just lying there, day after day," Maxie said to

the cat. "All you ever want to do is move from one window sill to the other and watch the world go by. You don't need anyone, and an one really needs you. But you don't seem to care."

Maxie moved away from the window. "I care," she said sadly. "I'm not a cat. But I might as well be."

This sounds depressing for a picture book, but eventually Maxie discovers that she is necessary to a great many people. Emily McCully's flat, opaque paintings convey effectively the changing moods of a worthwhile and provocative story.

PHYLLIS KRASILOVSKY: *The Sky Little Girl*, illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman, Kingswood, Surrey; World's Work, £1.05, (437 53508 8)

MIRIAM COHEN: *Best Friends*, illustrated by Lillian Hoban, Collier-Macmillan, £1.05

PAT HUTCHINS: *Titch*, Bodley Head, £1, (370 01137 6)

DORIS ORGEL: *Sarah's Room*, illustrated by Maurice Sendak, Bodley Head, £0.95, (370 01138 4)

MILDRED KANTROWITZ: *Maxie*, illustrated by Emily A. McCully, Bodley Head, £1, (370 01139 2)

And also . . .

C. W. ANDERSON: *The Rumble Seat Pony*, Collier-Macmillan, 90p. Melissa, Pam and Peter spend a lot of time riding about the country in the rumble seat of their mother's veteran car. On one of their rides they discover a lonely and neglected pony waiting in a field to be sold for any offer. They buy him, clean him up and get a lot of fun out of owning him. This simple story is illustrated by painstakingly worked, closely textured, full-page black crayon drawings, with endearing equine and rather wooden human figures. It looks like a period-piece among the bright, bold picture books that are the norm today, but it has charm, and any mother with a feeling of nostalgia for the horse books of her childhood will enjoy reading it to her children.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM: *The Giant Who Swallowed the Wind*, illustrated by Path Jacques, André Deutsch, £1.15, (233 96310 3)

The pleasant thing about John Cunningham's giants is that they are not tremendously wicked; they just happen to operate on a different wavelength from smaller people. The giant in this book sees nothing wrong in demanding vast quantities of food from the small folk who live about him, but when they decide to call his bluff and cut

off supplies, although he threatens to stamp on all their houses, he can't bring himself to do it. Instead, he swallows the wind that drives their mills and water pumps, in an attempt to starve them into submission. When he is finally outwitted he takes himself off to live by fishing in the sea, and the people send him a present of food now and then, "just to show there was no hard feeling". Path Jacques's bold, colourful illustrations add to the appeal of a story that combines originality with respect for the fairy-tale tradition.

MARGARET MAHY: *The Boy with Two Shadows*, illustrated by Jenny Williams, Dent, £1.25, (460 05831 2)

A little boy takes such good care of his shadow ("He's always tried to manage things so that his shadow didn't trail in the dust, and if he just couldn't keep it out of the dust he hurried to get a clean place for it") that he attracts the attention of a witch, who decides to leave her shadow with him while she goes away for a fortnight. He is not at all happy about accepting the charge, and events prove his reluctance to have been well-founded. This imaginative and amusing story is well served by Jenny Williams's robust pictures of a sulkily earnest, serious little boy and a thoroughly shifty witch.

### THE GHOST DOWNSTAIRS

Leon Garfield

Illustrated by Anthony Mailland

A chilling study in the supernatural which tells how Mr Fick's dreams of power lead him to steal a bargain which draws him into a horrifying web of terror. Leon Garfield's story will haunt the reader long after the last page has been turned.

Ages 12+ £1.25

### EXILES OF THE STARS

Andre Norton

The Free Traders are transporting the valuable Porerunner treasure to Plah when a sudden future forces them to land on the uninhabited planet of Sokhmel. In this sequel to *Moon of Three Rings* the author has created a fantasy-adventure story with the skilled imagination of a master writer of science fiction.

Ages 10+ £1.40

Longman Young Books

### Longman Young Books

#### THE ESCAPE OF THE FENIANS

Paul Budee

Illustrated by Anne Culverer

Jamie and his friend, Joe Mawby, become implicated in a plot to rescue political prisoners from a penal settlement in Western Australia and become so deeply involved that their lives are endangered.

Ages 12+ £1.50

#### PONDER AND WILLIAM AT HOME

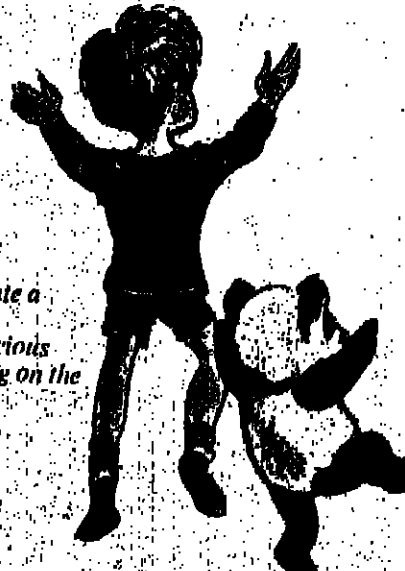
Barbara Softly

Illustrated by Diana John

each story . . . could constitute a whole bedtime entertainment, accompanied as it is by a vivacious drawing and a poem reflecting on the action.

SUNDAY TIMES

Ages 4-8 £1.00



### SNAIL AND C

Helen Piers

Illustrated by Pauline Baynes

Snail discovers that C is her favourite cabbage and journey to find her.

Ages 4-8 £1.25

### BEAUTY AND

Philippa Pearce

Illustrated by Alan Barrett

In retelling this familiar tale the original sources are combined with a new romance and mystery.

Ages 5-9 £1.25

### Longman Young Books

### Longman Young Books

#### BAD BOYS

Compiled by Eileen Colwell

A hilarious collection of stories, most of which have been specially written for this book by some of the most popular children's authors. Each story has been illustrated by a different artist.

Ages 4-7 £1.00

#### TOT BOTOT AND HIS LITTLE FLUTE

Laura Cathon

Illustrated by Arnold Lobel

A simple picture book for young children about a little Indian boy and how he entices the jungle animals by calling them on his flute.

Ages 4-7 70p



### LOLLIPOPS

Compiled by Brian Thompson

Illustrated by Peter Bailey, Quentin Blake, Charles Keeping, and Barry Wilkinson

Children who are just beginning to read for themselves will enjoy this entertaining collection of poems and rhymes, especially when they are illustrated by the delight of poetry.

Ages 5-9 £1.40

#### DETECTIVE IN THE LANDSCAPE IN SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND

Illustrated with photographs taken by the author

Marcus Crouch

The author outlines in this book some of the signs which can still be found on the ground and can provide any detective with ample clues to the past.

Ages 10+ £1.35

#### THE BLACK COUNTRY

Edward Chitham

Illustrated by Graham Humphreys

Edward Chitham tells the story of this fascinating area, its people and its heritage. Another title in the Local History Series.

Ages 10+ £1.40

Longman Young Books







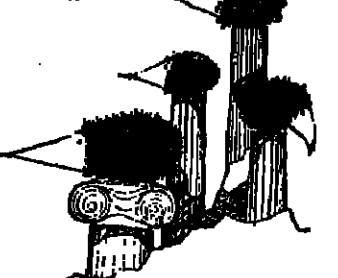
Methuen books for all children

### Jonathan Routh The Nuns go East

The third title in this series.  
"Thank God for Jonathan Routh's nuns", Jilly Cooper £1.60

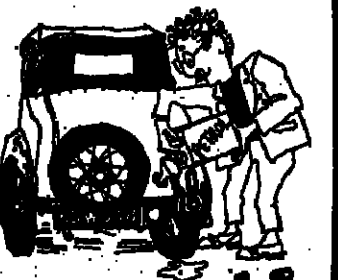


### Brian Anson The Magnificent Four



A tribe of nice live happily in the ruins of the Acropolis until Papinoff the cat begins stealing their cheese. But rescue is at hand... £1.00

### Lalla Berg The Little Car



Stories that all small boys will love. 80p

### Allison Prince and Joan Hickson Joe Moves House Joe and the Nursery School



Two more adventures about the well-known T.V. character.  
Published jointly with the B.B.C. Each 75p

### Mavis Thorpe-Clark Iron Mountain

A cyclone and a search for a lost child are only part of the excitement in this story set in the Australian out-back. £1.30

## Natural kingdoms

ADRIENNE RICHARD:

Pistol

Gollancz. £1.40 (575 01372 9)

WALT MOREY:

Deep Trouble

(460 05846 0).

The Bear of Friday Creek

(460 05833 9) Dent. £1.40 each.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON:

King of the Grizzlies

Dent. £1.30. (460 05092 3)

Adrienne Richard's *Pistol* is an interesting, if uneven, story of a boy's growth to maturity in the Montana of the 1920s and 1930s. The plot sounds conventional enough: during school vacations, young Billy Catlett escapes from the narrow confines of small-town life to the freedom of work on a nearby ranch. Then comes drought followed by the Depression, and the whole social and economic fabric of the Mid-West crumbles. With it vanishes Billy's chance of release from his weak, inadequate parents and querulous elder brother. Desperate to find work, Mr Catlett enforces the family into moving to a shanty-town on the Missouri, site of a New Deal dam-building project. It is then that Billy manages to stand up for himself by opposing his father and brother. He sets out for the East and independence, without the false dreams which have deluded so many of his friends and relatives.

The author excels in the set-piece descriptions: life on the ranch with its established annual cycle of work; the dry, wind-swept hills; the tough, experienced ranch-hand more prepared to wisecrack than openly admit to an act of kindness; the importance of horses and good horsemanship. These are features one has perhaps come to expect of a Western, but the writing and observation have throughout an honesty and perceptiveness (particularly when dealing with Billy's first affair) which raise this story above the conventional. Billy, the narrator, never completely emerges as a definite personality—perhaps due to the uneasy fusion of the novel's two elements, life on the ranch, and relations within the Cat-

lett family. Yet this very uncertainty of character represents a recognisable stage in development towards maturity. And despite its period setting, the overall picture of a society thrown from high confidence into depression has greater relevance to contemporary American disillusionment than anything in the books discussed below.

Both of Walt Morey's stories convey a refreshing sense of Alaska as a real country, and a feeling for its landscape and wildlife, but in other respects these are two unrewarding tales. *Deep Trouble* tells of eight-year-old Joey's attempts, inevitably successful, to support his family as a deep-sea diver following his father's death in a diving accident. The author's first-hand experience of diving makes the opening chapters interesting, but gradually the pattern of challenges met and predictably overcome kills all spontaneity.

However, its touches of characterization distinguish it from *The Bear of Friday Creek*, the far-fetched story of Eric and his giant pet, a Kodiak bear. As a result of his drunkard father's machinations Eric and his bear unwillingly become the star turn of a travelling circus in the western United States. Their bid to escape home to Alaska provokes a storm of truly American-scale publicity, resulting in Eric and bear being restored to their home town, as star tourist attraction. This combination of schmalz and American commercialism leaves an unhappy impression, not least at a time when conservationists are fighting to preserve animals within their natural habitat; and the illustrations (by Derek Colford) are extraordinarily inept and stylistically inappropriate.

In any history of man's growing ecological awareness the works of Ernest Thompson Seton deserve mention. Seton's stories are contemporary with *The Jungle Books* and *The Just So Stories*, and he shares Kipling's embarrassing tendency to idealize when writing about animals. Unlike Kipling, however, story-telling was of only secondary importance to Seton: his avowed intention was "to convey the known truth"—and it is this realism allied to close observation of his animal protagonists, and avoidance of anthropomorphism, which distin-

guishes his work from that of his predecessors.

Yet Seton's stories are much more than tracts, and Dent have performed a service in following up their *Children's Illustrated Classics* edition of *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag and Other Stories* with *King of the Grizzlies*, two of Seton's longer stories. Both "Monarch, the Big Bear" and "The Biography of a Grizzly" chronologically relate the lives of fictional bears. It is a tribute to Seton's close identification with his subject and forceful writing that he holds the reader's attention throughout. An added appeal lies in his idiosyncratic marginal drawings, sometimes usefully informative, at other times humorous, satirical, or quaintly moralizing. Beside Seton's sketches, Mirko Handk's four colour plates seem prettily inappropriate.

## Desert trek

KELMAN D. FROST:

Salara Trail

Illustrated by John Roberts.

Nelson. £1.95. (17 221105 0)

Ahmed Bader, an Arab merchant living in the interior of Algeria, migrated with his family to an oasis town 250 miles across the Salara desert in the early days of the war for Algerian independence. Their mode of travel was the traditional camel caravan, and to the age-old hazards of a journey across the desert were added the dangers of encounters with gun-runners and rebels. Kelman Frost went with them, but he does not feature himself in this account of the journey. He tells it in fictionalized form and manages to give it a shape and coherence often lacking in narratives of actual events, thus holding the reader's interest. The very good impression he succeeds in conveying of the life of the desert nomads is made the more telling by being presented through the eyes of an Arab family whose way of life is completely different from theirs. It is a pity the standard of the illustrations is not up to that of the text; and the price seems excessive.

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## MUSIC AND ARCHAEOLOGY

## Musical achievements

R.C. ROBBINS LONDON:

Haydn

(175 0571 08361 7)

MOZART

(175 0571 08749 3)

MAINE PADMORE:

Wagner

(175 0571 08785 X)

Illustrated. Faber and Faber

Faber's excellent "Great Composers" series continues to grow, with a new Haydn biography by no less an authority than H. C. Robbins Landon. But, surprisingly, it turns out to be the least satisfactory of these three recent additions, partly, perhaps, because one had such high expectations of it. The problem is that Mr Robbins Landon seems uncomfortable in his brief of writing for the young and untutored, and although some chapters—for instance those on the operas and Haydn's London visits—are entertainingly written, the general tone of the book is heavy and rather stilted, with the author veering awkwardly between a natural desire to educate and an apparent fear of blinding his readers with science. One wishes that Mr Robbins Landon had taken some risks in the latter direction, because his over-cautious approach results in very little real discussion of the music, which could have been the outstanding feature of a book by such an eminent Haydn scholar. Where he does become more explicit, as in his eloquent account of the *Creation*, musical illustrations are seriously lacking. In fact, unlike most of the other books in this series, the musical illustrations are sparse and unrepresentative, and often do not seem to relate to the text.

Overcaution is certainly not a feature of James Harding's choice of musical extracts to illustrate his biography of Rossini. He goes so far as to print two full score extracts to show Rossini's orchestration, an exact idea which would be even better if the transposing instruments were written as sounding and the parts were not left in the alto clef; this is a minor quibble, Rossini may not be what the musicologist would class as a "great composer" but his presence in the *Faber* series is justified both by his popularity and the fact that relatively little has

been written about him in English. Mr Harding launches into his subject with gay abandon, and it is one suspects him of indulging in a little embroidery at times, he writes with an enthusiasm and vitality that almost equal Rossini's own irrepressible showmanship. He also manages to include some real discussion of the music—including a whole chapter on the Rossini overture, a particularly good idea in a book designed chiefly for amateurs who will doubtless know the composer best for his hors d'oeuvres. There are the inevitable omissions and over-simplifications—there is very little on the general musical scene either when Rossini started composing or later, no mention of Mozart's treatment of Beaumarchais, the implications that Beethoven had nothing but admiration for Rossini, and (perhaps unintentional) that Rossini "invented" the accompanied recitative in *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra*. However, there is a good concluding chapter on the music of Rossini's retirement, a field often neglected by critics and commentators.

Of course the temptation when dealing with a colourful figure is to lapse into a series of entertaining anecdotes leaving no room for anything else. Both Mr Harding and Elaine Padmore in her biography of Wagner (who easily beats Rossini for spectacular life-style) manage to strike a reasonable balance between biographical detail and musical fact. Miss Padmore has the ideal manner for this type of book—entertaining and asstringent with a nice feeling for irony: a definite advantage when writing of a composer who so lacked humour (and humility!) in viewing his own achievements. But few biographers seem to be able to remain objective once entangled in the hypnotic skein of Wagner's life and music, and where Miss Padmore falls down is in her uncritical attitude to Wagner's romantic attachments. Minna is portrayed as an insensitive hussy, selfishly creating difficulties for her genius husband by not only objecting to his infidelities but reacting with a "plebeian outburst" to his (allegedly) platonic love for Mathilde Wesendonck.

On the 7th April 1858 Minna intercepted a secret letter from her husband to Mathilde. Proudly she saw it as evidence of a bourgeois "affair". It was useless to protest the innocence of his love, impossible to explain to Minna about lofty, spiritual bonds. And of *Cosima* we read that

"Below had always regarded his brilliant wife as a superior being and knew now that she was Wagner's true complement".

As to the music, Miss Padmore comes boldly to grips with the implications of Wagner's harmonic language, and, inevitably, finds it difficult to express such technical concepts in layman's terms. But she makes a valiant attempt with *Tristan*, and the idea of quoting "Träume" from the *Wesendonck* Lieder as an example of Wagner's chromaticism is a good one. Was it lack of space that made the last chapter so perfunctory? Miss Padmore allows herself only a page to sum up Wagner's achievements and to assess his legacy to the future, an important gap in an otherwise well-balanced biography.

LILLA M. FOX:

Instruments of the Orchestra

Lutterworth. £1.25. (7188 1710 9)

This is a lively account of the standard orchestral instruments and their history with amusing and imaginative illustrations by the author. Mrs Fox writes well for young people, and her only serious flaw is in not providing musical illustrations, which really do seem essential in a work dealing so directly with the raw materials of music. Because of this, her comments on the use of the instruments rather than their history are necessarily rather vague, and this is particularly true where (twentieth-century music is concerned. In fact, the twentieth century reveals the real weakness in what is otherwise a well-documented book. Admittedly, there is some reference to a few standard classics but the chapter on percussion, for instance, does not even mention the brave new world of the all-percussion ensemble (*Varèse, Cage, et al*), and though there is a tantalizing reference to (presumably, the author does not specify) Stockhausen's *Mikrophonie I* for electronically processed tamtam, electronic music in general is dismissed in half a sentence. Nor do Bartolozzi's now famous (or notorious) new sounds for woodwind get a mention. In a word, too much reliance on the faithful old textbooks (*Forsyth* and *Carse* are often quoted) and not enough research. But within its fairly narrow limits this is a readable introduction to a huge subject.

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## Teenage embarrassments

THREE BOOKS aimed at readers in their early or middle teens who like stories in a contemporary setting. Two are specifically for girls.

*The Siege of Trapp's Mill* is a tale of rival teenage gangs. One gang decide to spend the night in a derelict mill on the bleak outskirts of a northern town. The others besiege them, and two hitch-hiking students who have come in from the snow. The situation ultimately turns out to be very serious and the denouement is quite desperate. However, one wonders who will read this book, since most of the boys who enjoy violent stories of this kind are likely to be daunted by the sophisticated vocabulary.

*The Other People* tells of Kate, who is sent to stay in her aunt's boarding house because her mother has remarried and gone on a Parisian honeymoon. Kate is lonely and very disappointed by the drabness of Sea View, while at first all the adults seem to her caricatures. Her attempts to make friends with two girls of her own age are only partially successful; but teenage girls will enjoy the trivial quarrels and the sessions of making-up and dressing-up to go out and meet boys. There is a muted mystery about the house next door which is solved to reveal a timely of long ago.

Janet McNeill writes with her usual careful observation of detail and sympathetic understanding for young people's hopes and fears and embarrassments. Kate is a likeable character who grows in understanding and emerges from her adolescent dreams to take responsible action when her aunt needs her.

*Warts and All*, the title is to reference to Billie Crowwell but to

Polly's plan to make money for a party by charming away warts for payment. Her scheme nearly leads to dire trouble. This is the fourth book about Polly Devensh, who has now left school and started at technical college. As a separate novel it is weakened by the need to understand tangled relationships established in the earlier books. However, once the reader has grasped these, the story weaves clearly enough in and out of changing adolescent relationships and budding love affairs. Rodie

## In paperback

With 500 Puffins now available, as their current catalogue proudly proclaims, Penguin continue to provide a magnificent service for children. Some publishers, notably Faber and the Oxford University Press, prefer to put out paperbacked editions of the best of their children's authors under their own imprints—these are more elegant than Puffins, but also more expensive.

Thus Faber, perhaps with current Egyptian excitement in mind, have produced Rosemary Harris's *The Moon in the Cloud*, the extraordinary tale of animal-tamer Reuben's journey from his corner in the desert next to Noah down to Kemi (Ancient Egypt) with his ill-assorted, highly articulate animal companions; from Faber, too, *The Mouse and his Child*, Russell Hoban's wonderful and appalling vision of a family in search of survival; these cost 50p each, and *The Mouse* has Lillian Hoban's gently prompting pictures.

Sudbery also allows adults lives of their own and problems which are noticed by their offspring. But it is all too superficial to stretch the mind or imagination—enjoyable but trivial.

ANNABEL FARFON: *The Siege of Trapp's Mill*. Dent. £1.40. (460 05840 1)  
JANET MCNEILL: *The Other People*. Chatto and Windus. £1.30. (7011 0094 5)  
RODIE SUDBERY: *Warts and All*. Andre Deutsch. £1.25. (233 95929 7)

Oxford put out eight paperbacks last year, including *Little Katia*, an early portrait in E. M. Almedingen's Russian gallery, whose final work is reviewed in this issue (p 478); *Devil's Hill* (Tasmania) by Nan Chauncy, *Ride a Northbound Horse* (American West) by Richard Wormser, and *Sigge* (African jungle) by René Ouillet—all three excellent stories for those who will enjoy *Pistol* and the other books reviewed above. For younger readers, three *Pippi Longstocking* adventures by Astrid Lindgren, whose cockeyed-optimist nine-year-old heroine is miles ahead of most others in the field. The Oxford paperbacks are 30p apiece.

Less literary, but additively popular, Tintin the Belgian boy detective makes his debut in paperback from Methuen. Very little smaller than the originals, and well printed in vivid colours, there are six adventures to start off with, at 35p each.

## Digging for clues

JOHN E. ANTHONY:

Roman London

Illustrated by Isabella Whitworth

(175 0571 08722 6)

MARK HASSALL:

The Romans

Illustrated by Stan Bailey (298 79124 0)

JOHN ELLIS JONES:

The Greeks

Illustrated by the Author. (298 79123 0)

Hart-Davis. £1.25 each.

Books on archaeology for the young continue to proliferate but it is something of a relief to come upon a series which is what it purports to be and not just another polished version of the well-documented doings of the pioneers in the field. Under the sensible general editorship of Robin Place, Rupert Hart-Davis has produced, in the Young Archaeologist series, handbooks by practising archaeologists whose aims have been as much to show how the modern investigator goes about his work as to show how the individual pieces of evidence fit into the growing pattern of our accumulated knowledge about the past.

Of the three volumes under consideration, John Anthony's *Roman London* is the one which sticks to its title. This is an admirable account of the discoveries, excavations, and otherwise, which have enriched our knowledge of the past hundred years

and more, to form a picture of a city which has almost completely disappeared, fifteen or twenty feet below our own. Unlike many Roman cities, Roman London left little of itself above ground. Traces of Roman masonry appeared here and there, in cellars or beneath roadways, objects of Roman workmanship might be dredged from the river mud, but little was known of Londinium or what became of it after the legions left. Even now, there is little evidence to show whether or not the site has been in continuous occupation, although a ninth-century pendant discovered lying on the floor of a bastion in the Roman wall suggests that it has.

Dr Anthony has used this very lack of observable traces of the Roman city to highlight the fascination, as well as the expertise, of the archaeologist's job. She describes the careful investigation of long-buried rubbish pits, the examination of different coloured layers in the soil which might suggest a fire had raged there, confirming the written account of a contemporary historian, the chance of an excavation for the foundations of a modern building, bringing to light the remains of a Mithraic temple or a Roman bath, until in the end she makes it hard to walk down Cornhill or along Cannon Street without hearing the tramp of legionaries.

One of the most useful aspects of this book is a final chapter on exploring Roman London, packed with helpful information about what

to look for, where and how and who to contact for permission when required.

Mark Hassall's *The Romans* ranges the width of the empire in what Sir Mortimer Wheeler, in his introduction, aptly calls "an instructed tour rather than a treatise". The author manages, in the process, to include a surprising amount of varied and recondite information about the history and legends of the Romans and, as well as about the Romans and, in particular, their army. It is a pity that an interesting description of a day in the life of a dig, at Knidos in Turkey, should be marred by a somewhat avuncular malaise which shows to disadvantage beside the less self-conscious picture of a shoe-string excavation of a house at Vindolanda given by John Ellis Jones in *The Greeks*.

The advantage of the *Varia* house for the purpose of this book is that it is a small, individual site, not confused by the traces of later occupation. In the subsequent chapters the author shows how similar methods can be used to understand the wider pattern of Greek life in classical times.

All three books benefit from an extremely clear and attractive format with excellent illustrations, photographs and diagrams. They are well-indexed and the first two have short but comprehensive book lists. These are all books to put into the hands of a child who may be concerned.







## From Blackie's April List

### Animal Tales from Many Lands

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#### Stories from Poland

This splendid selection contains all the ingredients of the best fairy tales: a dragon, a mysterious lady, a prince, a magical blue rose. The traditional Polish stories have been translated and adapted for Jackanory, with attractive illustrations by John Mousedale.  
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this book also originates from the other side of the Atlantic, but is addressed to a slightly older age group and makes more specific reference to scientific experiment and observation. The illustrations and charts are well selected and there is a particularly useful chart showing and contrasting the different stages of growth of the anopheles, aedes, and culex mosquitoes.

As well as describing the life cycle of the insects, the book gives an excellent pictorial history of man's struggle against the mosquito from Hippocrates' observation, more than 2,000 years ago, that fever was more prevalent in swampy areas to Rome's identification of the anopheles female mosquito, breeding in stagnant water, as the villain of the piece in the nineteenth century, and Reed's tracking down of the *Aedes Aegypti* female mosquito as the carrier of yellow fever. There is an index, somewhat oddly arranged, since the majority of entries are listed under "mosquitoes" which leads to some anomalies and some odd entries, but as the index is brief, it can be easily scanned and is reasonably comprehensive in coverage.

SARJE, EIMERT: *Gulls*. Blackie, £1. (216 88381 4)

A well-produced book, suitable for intelligent 8 to 10-year-olds originating from the United States, illustrating in black-and-white photographs and describing in about fifty pages of well-lead text, various types of gulls. Gull habits and behaviour are described in terms of human reactions, to an extent likely to be unacceptable to adult, and the more scientific junior readers, but the descriptions used may well help to fix behaviour patterns in the mind of a young reader. The high level of success in survival rate of the gull family over millions of years is examined and may encourage young naturalists to watch gull behaviour more intently.

SPURK NOEL: *Fish and the Sea*. Black. 80p. (7136 1239 8)

*Fish and the Sea* replaces one of the early titles in Black's Junior Reference Books, J. M. Wright's *Deep Sea Fishes*, published in 1958. It is an authoritative account of the world of deep-sea and inshore fishes, as one would expect from the editor of *World Fishes*, but it does to some extent suffer from the very expertise of the author. The diagrams are too few and too clumsily detailed when they do occur; the fisherman's terms, "pork lice", are presented without interpretation. Children do love to collect facts, but they need some understanding of the facts before their interest can grow. This book would have been more successful had it offered fewer facts and made sure that their significance was apparent. It is interesting that in the bibliography section the author can find only one book to recommend, and that the *Fisherman's Manual*, intended for adults and published by *World Fishing*.

National Trust Children's Series. ALTHWA: *All about Ponds and Oats and things*. All about *Snails and Ladybirds and things*. All about *Guns and Armour and things*. PETER RICE: *The Clutches Children Were*. Over, Cambridge: Dinosaur Publications. 25p each.  
The National Trust were so delighted by their visitors' response to the first

two booklets planned by Althea to involve children in the Trust's projects, that they commissioned four more. The booklets are very slim, almost flimsy, but the pages are well laid out and give plenty of useful information without being pompous—thus, beside a clear coloured drawing of a mounted knight in armour (in *All about Guns and Armour and things*) we read instead of "complicated" a football match, people used to go to tournaments. Tournament were mock battles, with two groups of knights who charged against each other and fought on until in the end one group gave in and admitted defeat. Each booklet has been prepared with the help of a naturalist or a historian, and they seem likely to please parents as much as children.



From *The Clothes Children Wear*

TANA HOBAN: *Look Again!* Hamish Hamilton. £1.05. (241 02058 1)

A fascinating picture book of excellent black-and-white photographs of natural objects and animals interlarded with blank pages with a small cut-away square showing a portion of the photograph, inviting one to guess at the whole, and also providing a basis for design, as well as giving a good feeling for texture. A most useful book for art departments.

PHILIP LIGHTON: *Coins and Tokens*. Black. 80p. (7136 1238 X)

Here we have volume 23 of Black's Junior Reference Books, a long-running series which has established itself as a model, with reliable information set out in a straightforward manner, illustrations strategically placed to maintain interest, index and contents pages to make reference easy. The new book has all the expected features, and yet it depresses. We talk about giving children in school "experiences of quality relevant to their needs", of "helping them to understand and interpret their environment". And this is the kind of discovery, with which we set to work to forward such education: a collection of facts, many of which are unlikely to impinge on the child's world and seem to have been included just to make weight. Appendixes do try commendably, to give the information to visit, and books and magazines which give further detail.

TONY HART AND JACK HARLEY: *Fun with Geography*. Kaye and Ward. 95p. (7181 007 2)  
Tony Hart has written several books on drawing and design for Kaye and Ward's "Fun with" series. Here he combines with Jack Harley, a professional photographer, to help the young photographer understand his

camera, take indoor and outdoor, and develop, print and edit. In the series, Tony Hart's amusing and advice is practical and clear, and it is a book which demands both attention and some scientific knowledge.

ANGELA AND DIANE LEE: *The English Civil War*. Black. 80p. (7136 1237 1)

*The English Civil War* is a modestly produced, but appropriate to lower and middle-class, although occasionally too much demanded. A sentence like "transport depots garage, and even ground vehicles", and facts about the explanation, such as "Alfred the Great", present too many obstacles for the young child, whom the series is intended.

Duck provides a quick look at layout and the way ships are built and unloaded, with particular reference to modern machinery. As to this series, some explanations are delayed and some are never given at all. For example, we first learn that the carriers on page 9 but are not told what they are until page 11. It is presumed that readers understand terms such as leaf gates and ball

WALTER SIMPHERD: *Textiles*. Illustrated by David Farris. Rupert Harb. 80p. (298 79135 8)

A well-organized survey of the materials from which fabrics are made, and methods of processing them in the modern world. The "Finding out Science" series has come to be known as adequate rather than outstanding. This title is similar in design and content to the earlier volumes. A *Knights* book after an introductory chapter, coming up changes in warfare during four centuries of the age of chivalry, from four battles, Arad, Lincoln, Marston and Tewkesbury, which illustrate these changes. Mr Oakeshott has a style and a feeling for the dramatic which combine to make this an exciting book, easy to read, and the illustrations by the author help our understanding of detail.

C. P. VALE: *Plastics*. Illustrated by Michael Hudson. Rupert Harb. 80p. (298 79140 4)  
In the same series as *Textiles*, the plastics firm, has produced a book outlining the discovery of plastics, many forms, now available and the value of these new materials to science and it is likely to be a school pupil.

BONWILL TAYLOR (General Editor): *Picture Reference Book of Communications*. Illustrated by Lucas. Leicester: Brockhampton Press. 25p. (340 10446 5)

It is perhaps a coincidence that in this volume, *Communications*, Brockhampton's "Picture Reference Book" have increased their effectiveness in communicating. No longer is it a patchwork of pictures in which children are left to find out what they can. Now each picture has an explanation and there is a linking commentary which establishes the theme of the book. A complex and simple channel of communication open to the child's mind. The new emphasis is on the improvement. Children enjoy to read but they do need words to help in interpretation.

They will probably look at both these books as ancient history; not their parents or grandparents who grew up during the times described may find it hard to remember all the details of the political, military and domestic events. All, however, may agree with the editor of the series when he says that there will be no third world war because of the nuclear deterrent.

WALTER HODGES: *The English Civil War*. Black. 80p. (7136 1237 1)

In the earlier volumes of the "Story of Britain" series, Walter Hodges carefully sets his events in their historical context. The English Civil War is shown as a part of the Reformation and the divisions of the Reformation to prepare for constitutional monarchy. To introduce the period to young readers, the author's painting, in various brighter colours, are an easy way to tie down to their accounts. Sometimes the reader's judgement they even appear on a following page, while the identity of the people depicted is frequently difficult to determine. Moreover, as is the case with the outlines, the necessary facts of facts and incidents and bold strokes sketches (particularly that of Charles I) tend to distort what fuller suggestions may be the truth.

ERNEST OAKESHOTT: *A Knight in Armour*. Lutterworth Press. £1. (7183 104 5)

But Oakeshott is an acknowledged authority on arms and armour; he has written four books for children on various aspects of a knight's life, and this new title is similar in design and content to the earlier volumes. A *Knights* book after an introductory chapter, coming up changes in warfare during four centuries of the age of chivalry, from four battles, Arad, Lincoln, Marston and Tewkesbury, which illustrate these changes. Mr Oakeshott has a style and a feeling for the dramatic which combine to make this an exciting book, easy to read, and the illustrations by the author help our understanding of detail.

C. T. PRIME: *Experiments for Young Botanists*. Illustrated. G. Bell. £1.40. (7135 1667 4)  
Sowing seeds are typified by this useful compilation. Yet it is not expensive by present-day standards, and many how to do it, and how to grow plants and plant life would welcome the suggestions (which are clearly presented and efficiently practical) for work with seeds, transplants, weed control, grafting and budding and the microscope. The pages bear the stamp of a teacher of high quality, yet they are not for this who is keen on growing and encourage and develop an interest that is much wider than that of an examination syllabus. In short, this is a first-rate idea, well carried out.

Photography

EDWARD L. PALMER: *Magic with Photography*. Illustrated by Ric Estrada. Collins. 75p. (00 106148 8)  
A better title would have been the magic of photography. This is not a collection of conjuring tricks, but of experimentation with the making of pictures, the making of colour techniques. Clear and precise; and cheap too in view of the number of illustrations included.

KENNETH ULLYETT: *Film and Cameras*. Illustrated. John Baker. 80p. (212 98402 0)  
Here is another title in a series ("It's Made Like This") already commended in these pages. All the aspects of photography—the making of cameras, especially the vital lenses, the coating and polishing of films, and so on—covered in one, while a chapter on careers includes opportunities in manufacturing, selling and the technical fields.

Social Studies

DAVID JONES: *Your Book of Money*. Illustrated by David Jones. Black. 80p. (571 09341 8)  
Better led to a standard of measurement of value, and objects of exchange led to coins. So does David Jones introduce the complex subject of money in a style and at a level of appreciation suitable for young readers. He moves smoothly through the ramifications of banking and the functions of "the City" to a conclusion that "money is whatever men find convenient to use as money". Mr Jones is to be congratulated on the effectiveness of his presentation, and his suggestion that a good way of understanding one's knowledge of the subject is through newspaper reading is to be supported.

CHILLAN PRESTON: *Advertising*. £1.30. (7134 1771 4)

OLIVE JACKSON: *Conservation and Pollution*. £1.20. (7134 1575 4)

Two additions to successful series each carry a story and a message. The growth of advertising, and the current use and abuse of the medium, are honestly ex-

planning a musical career with delusions of grandeur or a less than dedicated approach. In this it is useful, and, since one of the depressing facts about the London colleges of music is how little most of them have changed, academically or socially, over the past fifteen years, it still presents a reasonably realistic picture of the London music student's life today.

### Natural History

ARNOLD DARLINGTON: *The World of a Tree*. Illustrated by the Author and Wilhelmina Mary Guymer. Faber and Faber. £1.60 (571 09624 7)  
Some obvious features (germination, growth, diseases and uses, for example) of trees, especially oaks, are included in this remarkably comprehensive book, but there are unexpected pleasures, too. Thus we learn of the spread of the oak-marble, and the distinctions between it and the oak-apple; and of the reasons—and creatures—that lead to the formation of cavities in oaks. There is good advice on growing trees, and on measurement and identification; and intriguing notes on, for instance, pannage, honeydew and poor-man's beefsteak fungus. Altogether, this is a thoroughly worthwhile introduction.

GEORGE H. HAINES: *How we find out about Weather*. (212 98404 7). How we find out about Food (212 98403 9). John Baker. £1.05 each.

Research has produced a fungus given the code name A3/5, which feeds on carbohydrates to produce protein. Plans to convert a laboratory plant to production on a commercial scale are advanced so that a substitute for beef becomes available. Meanwhile cellulose waste can be broken down into a nutritive material and "milk" from vegetable matter is another substitute. These are intriguing sidelights from an introduction to food production and processing which explains what work in these fields is about, and what are the career prospects. A similar treatment of weather forecasting, and the possibilities of weather control, is equally effective.

C. T. PRIME: *Experiments for Young Botanists*. Illustrated. G. Bell. £1.40. (7135 1667 4)  
Sowing seeds are typified by this useful compilation. Yet it is not expensive by present-day standards, and many how to do it, and how to grow plants and plant life would welcome the suggestions (which are clearly presented and efficiently practical) for work with seeds, transplants, weed control, grafting and budding and the microscope. The pages bear the stamp of a teacher of high quality, yet they are not for this who is keen on growing and encourage and develop an interest that is much wider than that of an examination syllabus. In short, this is a first-rate idea, well carried out.

Photography

EDWARD L. PALMER: *Magic with Photography*. Illustrated by Ric Estrada. Collins. 75p. (00 106148 8)  
A better title would have been the magic of photography. This is not a collection of conjuring tricks, but of experimentation with the making of pictures, the making of colour techniques. Clear and precise; and cheap too in view of the number of illustrations included.

KENNETH ULLYETT: *Film and Cameras*. Illustrated. John Baker. 80p. (212 98402 0)  
Here is another title in a series ("It's Made Like This") already commended in these pages. All the aspects of photography—the making of cameras, especially the vital lenses, the coating and polishing of films, and so on—covered in one, while a chapter on careers includes opportunities in manufacturing, selling and the technical fields.

Social Studies

DAVID JONES: *Your Book of Money*. Illustrated by David Jones. Black. 80p. (571 09341 8)  
Better led to a standard of measurement of value, and objects of exchange led to coins. So does David Jones introduce the complex subject of money in a style and at a level of appreciation suitable for young readers. He moves smoothly through the ramifications of banking and the functions of "the City" to a conclusion that "money is whatever men find convenient to use as money". Mr Jones is to be congratulated on the effectiveness of his presentation, and his suggestion that a good way of understanding one's knowledge of the subject is through newspaper reading is to be supported.

CHILLAN PRESTON: *Advertising*. £1.30. (7134 1771 4)

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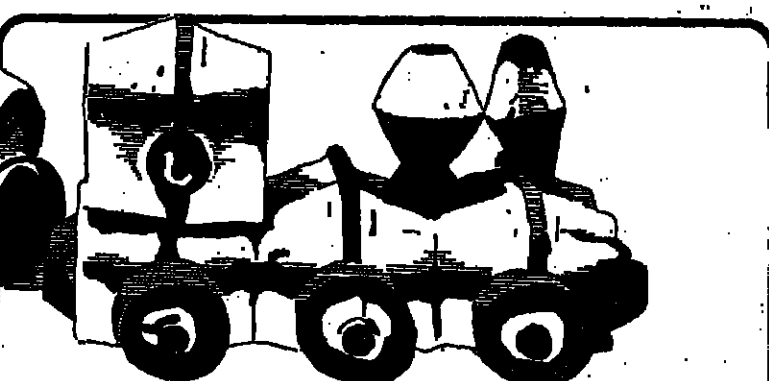
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## BOOK NEWS

### Tutankhamun

Noel Streetfield has produced for older juniors what should prove a useful and readable background for the current exhibition at the British Museum, *The Boy Pharaoh: Tutankhamun* (Michael Joseph, £1.75). Three chapters of discursive general information on Ancient Egypt, tomb-building and the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb up to the entry of the first chamber lead into a delightful biography of the boy Pharaoh, much more in Miss Streetfield's usual flowing style: a perceptive and detailed reconstruction of a small boy's life in an Egyptian palace, with a charming picture of the affection between him and the sister he later married. The last chapters are an enthralling blow-by-blow account of the discovery, first of the treasures of the antechamber, then of the tomb and treasure. The volume is richly illustrated, utilizing beautiful colour plates from Mine Desroches-Noblecourt's book.

Detail of the social and economic life and history of Ancient Egypt is admirably supplied in more organized form by Barbara Pradai Price's unusual ABC, *Ancient Egypt from A to Z* (to be published on May 4 by Macmillan at £1.50). No doubt the careful entries under each letter will prove valuable for those in search of exact information, but the primary attraction of the book for any youngster will be the hieroglyphic equivalents of words and letters, from A for Art to Z for Zoser (it is somewhat surprising to find the hieroglyphs for X-ray). Many key-

words in the text are similarly translated though this is distracting to the reader, he will nevertheless fall under the spell of working out correspondences as, through repetition, some of the symbols become familiar. The delightful black-and-white illustrations by Pauline Sedgwick derive chiefly from ancient carvings and paintings.

Among such topical offerings, the Jackdaw folder on *Tutankhamun and the Discovery of the Tomb* (Cape, 80p) seems the most helpful preparation for a visit to the exhibition. As might be expected, Magnus Magnusson's text for the broad sheets and exhibits is excellent, giving valuable information on archaeological methods and principles, and on Egyptian history and social customs. The text covers the history of the Nile valley, Tutankhamun's reign, the embalming process and the finding of the tomb. The exhibits are well selected: two of Carter's cards indexing details of his heroic control in noting such finds in order. There are large-scale reproductions of details such as the back of the throne, with explanations of the symbols and figures. It is a pity, however, that the gold illustrations are reproduced so badly, and that the print of the *News of the World* account of Lord Carnarvon's ill-starred death should be so blurred.

### Oxford Conference

Nicholas Tucker writes:

More than seventy teachers and librarians came to a conference on Children and Books, organized by Edward Blisken and myself in Oxford just after Easter. This was not a rival to the Exeter conference, still in good heart and meeting later in August, but a complement, perhaps, with the emphasis rather more upon the practical scene.

For example, Janet Hill gave a fascinating talk on her work as children's librarian in Lambeth, where books are now moving out of the libraries into the community itself, sometimes in the most unexpected places. Later, Malcolm Saville and a representative from IPC Magazines reminded the conference that the best-seller and high-circulation comic also exist and must be taken into account, however enthusiastic teachers may become about some excellent writers for children today who may always lack a really mass following. Some of these, however, were the subject of separate discussion groups, culminating in a visit from the author: in this case, Russell Hoban, Leon Garfield and Philippa Pearce (Robert Louis Stevenson, another author discussed, was unaccountably absent). This worked well too; we shall certainly hope to meet next year, and take some of these ideas further.

### Awards

Literary prizes seem to be coming out all over, which is very nice for authors but a little confusing for the ordinary reader, who may have a idea of the weight of the honour. The Newbery and Caldecott medals awarded each year by the American Library Association are always hotly earned: this year's winners are Nummy Hogrogrian for a pleasantly produced fable about a fox called *One Fine Day* (to be published in London in the autumn by Hamish Hamilton) and Robert C. O'Brien for an extraordinarily effective combination of old-fashioned fantasy and modern science entitled *Mrs Frab and the Rats of NIMH* (Gollancz have snapped this up).

The Children's Book Circle Eleanor Farjeon Award, a new honour but in an older tradition, is given for outstanding services to children's books. This year's winner Janet Hill, mentioned above in Nicholas Tucker's report from Oxford, for her efforts to bring books to all children living within her London borough. Miss Hill discovered how difficult it was to provide intelligible reading for immigrant children. In her own words, Miss Hill approached the Race Relations Board and a three-year project was born.

In October last year the London of Race Relations published *Books for Children: The Homeless Immigrants in Britain* (LL), which evaluates and often criticizes books setting out to give a picture of the countries immigrants have left behind. It will be valuable to school and librarians everywhere.

# Gramsci in English

## THE LONG AGONY OF AN ITALIAN REVOLUTIONARY



Antonio Gramsci

ANTONIO GRAMSCI:  
Notebooks  
Edited and translated by Quintin Hoare and Geoffrey Nowell Smith  
Lawrence and Wishart. £6.

GIUSEPPE FIORI:  
Antonio Gramsci  
Translated by Tom Nairn  
New Left Books. £2.75.

POZZOLINI:  
Introduction to His Thought  
Translated by Anne F. Showstack  
Pluto Press. Paperback, 90p.

THE PUBLICATION of selections from the *Prison Notebooks* of Antonio Gramsci in English is a major event. The editors, Quintin Hoare and Geoffrey Nowell Smith, have done a magnificent job. Their creative achievement, the audience they have in mind, the lucidly expounded and critical points in the text document the multiple difficulties of Gramsci's terminology — "hegemony" for the moment of consent, "formation" for that of coercion — and the older English usage of "dominion" serve here? The dialectical relation between the two, the Italian on the Italian *dirigere*, not a mention such censor-defeating introductions as "philosophy of praxis" (for Marxism) which still carry a powerful charge in their own right.

Such matters are central. Some editions of Gramsci, for example, have used the orthodox plural for "water and peasant classes" when Gramsci's earlier writings the man himself employed a highly significant singular. Although these differences are not peculiar to Gramsci, they are not less important. The war of position demands enormous sacrifices by infinite masses of people. So an unprecedented concentration of hegemony is necessary, and hence a more "interventionist" government which will take the offensive more openly against the oppositionists and organise permanently the "impossibility" of internal disintegration. . . .

On the other hand, in resisting the narrow intransigence of the Comintern's Third Period, Gramsci denounced Stalin in 1931 as a blinkered nationalist and in some notes of 1933-34 touching directly on the Stalin-Trotsky confrontation, while reaffirming his rejection of the latter, constructs a highly dialectical but also rather opaque analysis which is distinctly detached.

The question became acute in Italy with the appearance of Giuseppe Fiori's effective and moving biography which has found an excellent translation by Tom Nairn and stands as the best life introduction to the man. Gramsci's political analysis, concentrated on the little-known period which preceded the 1920-21 works through the formation of the Communist Party, Gramsci's ambiguous relations with the party, his role in the struggle, his will to lead the Comintern, his role in the leadership and decision-making in 1924-25, on the one hand, his imprisonment. For the reader, this essay is most illuminating.

The book of his political commentaries, which is that of a sane, balanced, and essentially central Marxist-Leninist, with an occasional tenderness for some New Left sensibilities and for Trotsky.

There is little of the latter in Gramsci. Though he supplied Trotsky with material for his *Literature and Revolution*, he comes down hard against "Brahminism" and his permanent revolution in some notes of 1930-32 on the new phase of "a war of position" and, by implication, in favour of "Stalinist" concentration.

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The author makes some little pleasure in "unmasking" Gramscian attitudes, for example, towards women and Blacks, which may seem antithetical to the more central, read with the Lawrence and Wishart extracts, is Pozzolini's treatment of Gramsci on education. As early as 1916 the dedicated Sardo was appalled at the anarchy of middle-class pupils "playing at trade unions". He thunders at "the spiritual rudeness of the young . . . this bunch of gangsters . . . young scum". His later writings, rooted in a firm class analysis, are no less disciplinary. Central to the primary school was "the concept and fact of work"; in its pursuit, "a certain authoritarian, decisive sternness must not be foregone didactically. . . . It is at this point and this point only that Mr Hoare allows a slight hint of special pleading to creep into his comment. Admittedly, to explain these quicks to a perhaps more youthful, Left, he comes very near explaining them away. There can be no doubt, Gramsci sounds like a Marxist Head Prefect.

And why not? It is entirely in accord with the Leninist code of all to elevate council above union and party (the Socialist party then) and to offer hostages to libertarians, deviationists and opportunists innumerable. So the editors direct the mind to the 1921-1926 writings and promise resolution in the next big volume (if it maintains this standard of editorial excellence it will indeed be stunning), and Mr Hoare talks of an immature Gramsci arriving through experience at a "more correct" conception of the party.

Certainly in the notebooks, the emphasis, in the shadow of Fascist victory, shifts squarely to the party, but it no point does Gramsci renounce his Turin experience.

This unity between "spontaneity" and "conscious leadership" or "discipline" is precisely the real political action of the subaltern class. . . . It gave the masses a "theoretical" consciousness of being creators of historical and institutional values of being founders of a State.

State-founding — this remains permanent and central. The Turin period itself was a slight less "libertarian" in a loose sense than many have claimed. The prose of *Ordine Nuovo* is heavy with authority, self-discipline, a veritable celebration of productivity, a Sorelian morality of production as creation and a sense of imminent state power. And what are the notebooks but a sustained exercise in the higher revolutionary Statesmanship?

This basic trend emerges no less from the striking little book by A. Pozzolini, crisply translated by Anne Showstack. Its caustic commentaries on the editing and exegesis of Gramsci in Italy make a very useful supplement to the Lawrence and Wishart volume. Gramsci, in effect, is still not fixed. Caprioglio, using a new technique, "discovers" scores of additional articles; on the other hand, the original edition of the prison letters excised all friendly references to the disgraced Bordigha. Perhaps Pozzolini is a shade too suspicious; no party that opened its archives to the managerial Paolo Spriano could be quite so conspiratorial. His stringency is more impressive when he takes themes and traces them through Gramsci's writings from beginning to end. This is schematic and selective but in the absence from English of so much of the relevant material, it is most valuable. In many instances, Gramsci tried but visibly failed to hold in dialectical unity a complex of contradictions. To Pozzolini he was an admirable but essentially unfinished Marxist original.

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his writing from the beginning. For what he is anxious to create are those "organic" intellectuals, directly related to class, as opposed to the "traditionalists", who will be the instrument, through the party, of that creation of hegemony by which the working class, leading and in a certain sense incorporating the poor peasantry, will establish its power and a new civilization. "Hierarchy? Yes, hierarchy. Workers' power? Is the foundation of a new hierarchy of the social classes."

This theme of the "intellectuals" conceived in the widest sense as those "workers by brain", the junior officers and NCOs of society, is utterly central to the *Prison Notebooks*. First fully elaborated in the essay on the Southern Question which brilliantly sketches the crucial equilibrium between northern workers and southern peasants and the fundamental role of Southerners, aristocratic and petty-bourgeois, in the "intellectual"

and hence "ethico-political" life of Italy, it there reaches (till it unfinished) power. Still firmly rooted in a Marxist and Leninist interpretation of economic and state power, Gramsci moves massively into "superstructural" problems and through ten years of personal agony, builds a theoretical structure for the workers' hegemonic party. The quality of his achievement varies. Comments on the new pattern of industry (Amercianism and Fordism) tend to the jejune; those on philosophy (his persistent preoccupation with Croce requires a separate study) and Marxism fluctuate between the oblique, the perceptive particular, and the impenetrable. But the build-up from his first elaboration of the concept of "organic intellectuals" through a close analysis of Italian history and of the relationship state/civil society to a presentation of the party in his sense as the New Machiavelli, is magnificent. Its assimilation is nudge all

the more effective by the masterly and highly intelligent ordering of the exposition by the two editors. All this still needs to be set in the context of the earlier embattled writings of his active days. But read it must be, by anyone committed to Marxism or revolution or simply to the enjoyment of the sheer vitality of the engaged spirit.

Dixon hangs over the texts, too. Inextricably interwoven with Gransc's effort to hammer out the regenerated party from recalcitrant reality is his dogged shuffling away at an explanation of Fascism. It is an argument necessarily thick with concepts of a war of position, a revolutionary-restoration dialectic, the notion of "passive revolution" through which the snout of the Old Mole of Marx's *18 Brumaire* keeps thrusting. It is an explanation rooted in the same soil as his exploration of "intellectuals", the southern bourgeoisie, the mystery of authority and hegemony.

It is full of stimulus and challenge, and full of unspeakable pain, too.

For the reality of that pain, one has to turn to Giuseppe Fiori's biography. Raro, but the virtue of sensitive translation here so vividly demonstrated. In Italian, the book was an exercise, "a source"; in the Nairn's English, it grips the throat. How murdered this man was. With his big head and his hunch back, he seems, almost to the end, to act on the fringes. The harsh Sardinian childhood, the dedicated struggle against ill-health, the brilliant success at the University of Turin, the periodic relapses into misery and apathy, the long calvary of his jails come acrid off the page.

The moments of exaltation were so rare: he never seems to have won any open election. He reached power in the frustration of defeat. The brief honeymoon of his marriage to Julia Seuchi in Moscow turned as soon into the hideous doubt of the

long enforced estrangement, when symptoms of a breakdown of personal assurance become embarrassing in their directness. To the end, he must not spare himself. "There is not even the choice between being for a day as a lion, or a hundred years as a sheep. You don't live as a lion even for a minute. . . ." The image of Job was not enough; he called himself the "manner of history." So, through to the April afternoon of 1937 and the hearse, attended only by his Ruth, his sister-in-law Talma, succumbing to the crematorium through a Rome thunderstorm.

"Pessimism of the intelligence, optimism of the will," he often quoted from Romain Rolland and it is apt that the final achievement of his best biographer should be paradox. Desolation is in the book but not despair: rage, rather, rage against the dying of this light. Fiori's life of Gramsci would make any man a

# Editor

these circumstances was far below the standards of my host work under more favorable conditions. Second, and less noted, was the way the much-admired Oxbridge tutorial system worked in practice. At a weekly session I was assigned the following week's written—for example, Pope. I was given a few words of guidance on what to read by and about Pope, and a general essay topic on Pope. I dashed to the library for an edition of Pope and any books about him that happened to be on the shelf. Five days later—to give me the tutor time to read the essay before our next meeting—I wrote the essay: a mish-mash of my first impressions and ideas taken from the books I had managed to obtain and found time to read. No doubt this system had some presumptions.

sent of Yugoslavia and, presumably, to thereby cultivate Uncle Joe's everlasting friendship. Regardless of the fact that it was not in Churchill's power to prevent Yugoslavia from any case having been decided in the mountains of Bosnia by mid-1943, the assumption that Tito was nothing more than Stalin's stalking horse was only slightly ludicrous in 1943 than it is today. While if there were extra-military motives for the switch to Tito, as I suspect there were, they were diametrically opposite to those assumed by Dame Rebecca.

It was rather that Churchill decided on the basis of F. W. Deakin's and Fitzroy Maclean's reports that Tito was bound to win the Yugoslav civil war, that there was some reason to hope he was a different sort of communist, and that as there was to be no Balkan invasion, British interests would be best served by cultivating his friendship. That such may have been the case is indicated not only by Churchill's famous session with Stalin in Moscow

time you shall work my money." (A Feuilletier, *These Works*, iii, page 132, see also *Poems*, edited by W. A. Ringler, 1962, page lxi). These two references are clearly of different orders: one mentions Sidney's "songs," specifically, the other only an unnamed "book"; the first, if it stood alone, would show us that Sidney was a poet, the second would not. If Mr. Buxton knows of some other Sidney letter—a letter which really does contain a direct reference to his poetry—then he should identify and quote it.

I should explain to Mr. Buxton that I did not rely on the reduced reproduction in making my comments on the document, but on a careful study of the manuscript itself. The two most significant points to emerge from this study were: (i) that the word which Mr. Buxton reads as "wilbe" is clearly "with" and cannot (in Mansell's hand) be "wilbe"; and (ii) that in the subscription and the signature Mansell is consciously imitating Sidney's handwriting. It so happens that both

sons: first, to ensure that an accurate text was made available of this important letter; second, we hope that the fact that this important document was acquired for Sidney's own university and thus kept in England might help to give some publicity to the Friends of the Bodleian Library. The funds for that admirable institution are strictly limited. As a private individual, I am sure anybody who believes it is important to have such documents as the Sidney letter in this country to join the Friends and thus make it possible in future to acquire similar manuscripts (and books) which the library cannot afford.

Unless a Sidney unknown cache of letters which Sidney has turned up, Mr. Mansbridge has surely overrated his case when he refers to "nearly a hundred letters between Sidney and eminent friends". He is presumably referring to the letters to Sidney which were sold at auction some years ago and which, with the exception of those from

Monckton Cottage, Old High Street,  
Headington, Oxford.

# Commentary

The signs of a change of cultural policy in Peking are now unmistakable, and the message is being put out to the outside world. Consider this paragraph from the editorial in the January/February issue of *Kaogu* (Archaeology), the first scholarly journal in the humanities and social sciences to resume open publication and export since the general close-down in the middle of 1966:

"Letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend is the policy for promoting the flourishing of the arts and sciences and a flourishing socialist culture in our land." In our archaeological work today, we must conscientiously and thoroughly implement this policy that Chairman Mao himself has laid down, and we must develop free debate, between different scholarly views, in the pages of *Kangxi*. Questions of right and wrong in archaeology must be settled through free discussion in archaeological circles, and not by the use of crude methods.

This is fighting talk after the events of the past six years. It is not that the language used is in any way heretical—directly or indirectly, nearly all of it comes from Mao's 1957 speech "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People," apart from the specific references to archaeology rather than intellectual life in general. But this is an aspect of Maoist orthodoxy that has been long played down, despite being enshrined in the little red book. The prevailing tone has long been that of the May 16, 1966 Central Committee circular, which bluntly rejected such "bourgeois" concepts as the idea that all men are equal before the truth and made it clear that all academic disputes were to be seen in essentially political terms. The title of the editorial, referring to Mao's dictum "let the ancient serve the modern," is also a change from that other pole of Maoist dialectics, "smash the old to establish the new."

Other manifestations of the new line on the past to be publicized abroad include the appearance of new volumes in a series of excellent

modern editions of the dynastic histories that had begun publication before the Cultural Revolution put a stop to such traditionalism. Picture books of archaeological finds, including one on the Silk Road, and a new study of the aged but supple Kuo Mo-jen by the Tang poets Li Po and Tu Fu are among the new titles from Peking that would have been out of the question a year or two back. In normal times none of this would have attracted much attention; but after a cultural moratorium of nearly six years their appearance is astonishing in itself, and also a sign that somebody—presumably Chou En-lai—is now secure enough in power to be able to convince the publishers that they can go ahead without fear of being accused of ideological misuse of paper and printing machines that could otherwise be used for the propagation of the Word.

Some of these books have now reached Britain. The prefaces to the two new editions of dynastic histories observe without comment that they were ready for printing with the matrices made in 1965 and 1966; and, apart from one or two remarks in the prefaces, they are identical in format and presentation with the earlier volumes in the series, except that the critical apparatus has been improved. Kuo Mo-jao's book on the two T'ang poems is characteristic of the author, with its heterodox traditionalism of scholarship and stimulating but not always reliable conclusions. As an exercise in reversing the accepted Chinese comparison between the dissolute Li Po and the "people's poet" Tu Fu the book deserves attention, but as a signal from a man who has been in the forefront of intellectual fashion for over half a century that classical scholarship is once more acceptable, the significance of *Li Po and Tu Fu* goes much farther. It is a clear shout of "As you were" to the academics. The same can be said of Kuo's misinterpreted comments on the eventual romanization of the language. This was another

1966. Another sign of the revival of interest in language reform is the new edition of the excellent pocket dictionary *Hsin Hwa tzu tien* after five or six years of the market because of its meaning words such as "politics" was too dangerous.

One novel that has appeared is a revised version of Li Yun-tse's *Fighting the Yellow Dragon*, first published in December 1960, and revised and republished at the beginning of this year. This is a conventional piece of 1960s fiction about how a disused iron mine was brought back into production in 1948 and 1949 through the heroic efforts of the broad masses, led by the Party, to overcome technical difficulties and the desperate resistance of open and hidden class enemies unreconciled to their doom, etc. Despite the stylized plot and the unconvincing characterization of the powerful heroes and villainous villains, the novel is clearly identifiable because they

there are some less crudely drawn figures, particularly among the engineers. This novel is, in short, an indication of the revival of orthodox fiction bearing some relationship with reality, and as such is a lot better than nothing. The revival of historical studies is marked by the reappearance of the late Fan Wenlan's old-fashioned Confucio-Marxist multi-volume history of China to the tenth century, and the publication of a series of booklets on primarily European socialist history.

Someone must also have issued a directive to the propaganda magazine *Jenmin hua-pao* (China Pictorial in its English-language edition) ordering it to project a different image of China to the world. The March issue, for example, has only five references to the Chairman in all its pages, and at least on articles shows signs that invocations of his name have been edited out. This too could only be done on explicit authority as during the Cultural Revolution one of the crimes of which several former top men were accused was hinting that there was no need to harp on that particular theme so insistently. The

The ban on love interest or family feelings apparently remains in force in this opera, though not in Li Yunte's novel.

It would be rash to make too much of all this and suggest that a relaxation like 1953-54, 1956-57 or 1961-62 is settling in. After twenty years of ups and downs caution will almost certainly remain the intellectual's first principle: whatever today's line may be, the only safe prediction is that it cannot hold good forever. All the same, China's anything is at so low an ebb that anything is an improvement. As the archaists' classical scholars, historians and novelists are allowed back into print will they be allowed to go beyond safe platitudes? We must watch this Peking Spring to see which way the sands blow.

When *Red Flag* (1972, No. 3) carries in huge type a quotation from Chairman Mao discussing the prob-

The series of *Nineteenth-Century British Parliamentary Papers* (640,000 pp. Irish University Press, £27,000) has now been completed by the publication of its thousandth volume. The formula has been simple enough, although disconcertingly large-scale: examine the 5,800 folio volumes of the original 'Blue Book' series (initiated by the House in 1835 as a means of making its papers—committee reports, colonial documents, and so on—available to the public), select the most valuable Papers, and group them in subject areas with prefaces and indexes; there are, for example, 70 volumes on Africa alone, and 95 on the slave trade. The project has absorbed thirty man-years of editorial

ing cost of possessing the past. We the Select Committee of the House of Commons made its report in 1931. It urged: "That the Reports and Parliamentary Papers printed for the use of the House should be rendered accessible to the public, by purchase at the lowest possible price.... Working men's associations could subscribe in shillings (and, at the other end of the scale, Mr Gladstone, who fortunately had an heroic appetite for information, found himself entitled to free copies of some 4,000 folio volumes which surfaced during his period as a member. And used to go on into this century it was the only way copies of most of the Blue Books for very small sums—though P. S. King and Son's *Catalogue of Parliamentary Papers, 1801-1900*.

By 1945, however, the supply was nearly exhausted—a process accelerated by salvage campaigns and the

expansion of libraries at other universities in the world and when Professor and Mrs Percy Ford set out to equip Southampton University with its fine collection they were only just in time to do so. The publication of their series of Guides and Digests alerted scholars to many printed sources otherwise unavailable to them. It was therefore appropriate that I should have enlisted the editorial skills of Southampton to assist the present venture.

During the press conference several dark hints were dropped about "this being only the beginning". Most librarians—some of whom are doubtless already reaching for their aspirins—will have noticed the funds nor the shelf room to accommodate such series, but a wide range of specialist librarians will be tempted to smuggle on to their shelves at least a representative part of the collection.

Professor Gifford Brothers gave in his letter, "It is only the power in his 'strong' opinion that compulsory Old English," your Correspondent, and some students like to think of the earlier years as foreign, and its disciplined attention?"

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The article (February 24) and correspondence about the state of English at Cambridge brings out a great deal: "Cambridge English" for outside world means Leavis, while at Cambridge Leavis was an iso-  
lated, self-contained figure, I experienced "Cambridge English in the late 1950s," wrote Norman Miller's Cambridge friend David Foster. In his lectures, we undergraduates thought Leavis was worth a seasonal visit on the chance of catching amusingly malicious asides from S. Eliot or E. M. Forster. These days of how hard-worked these Downing students were. We had to make that distinctive provincial accent, and had seen the man peddling his Kings Parads in a shirt open to the waist in mid-winter. But we were right, rightly or wrongly, that Leavis echoed Leavis in his exams and lectures. For a first, and that it was wrong to refer too freely to

## The Embattled Mountain'

Sir,—While professing to set the record straight for an unheeded world, Dame Rebecca West (April 21) presents us less with the truth than with her own impassioned confusion about wartime events in Yugoslavia. Rather than demonstrating the fallacy of my assertion that Allied support for Mihajlovic rested upon myth, she has given us an indication of just how far my myth came to be created. For, as she testifies, the British, no less than the Foreign Office or the handful of Britons who constituted informed opinion on Yugoslav matters, expected the Serbian officer corps and the Cetnik bands to offer in 1941 the same sort of regular resistance that they had during the Balkan wars and before.

Given such expectations, reinforced by the widely known "plans" of disgruntled officers and the *Kapana* bravado of the self-proclaimed Chetniks, regular visitors to the

in the inter-war years, it was to be expected that Dame Rebecca and official Britain should exaggerate the part being played by traditional forces when news of the Yugoslav uprising reached the West in the late summer of 1941. In point of fact, Mihajlović emerged as the leading non-communist commander was partly fortuitous. As the first to establish radio contact with the British, Mihajlović came to enjoy the incalculable advantage of a propaganda monopoly over his Serbian rivals (Nevsković, Kosevović, Pečaneac, etc.), and every tentative broadcast by Mihajlović was never very significant, but no ordinary broadcast from London and every parachute drop of gold sovereigns and arms, real or only rumoured, helped ensure that the peasantry remained cooperative and that the flow of recruits wishing to get behind the putative winner continued.

Dame Rebecca betrays an equal confusion over what the resistance was all about, going a long way in her statement of Mihajlović's aims and strategy to show that the belief that Mihajlović was the heroic leader of a second front inside occupied Europe did indeed rest upon a shaky basis. She mentions both known and shared by the British military in the first years of the Yugoslav war:

the influence! By October Churchill's optimism for Tito had waned, as it would continue to, but that is another story.

That Dame Rubecsa should remain unconvinced as to Mihajlovic's collaboration with the Axis in the face of evidence offered by such books as *My War with the Germans* is hardly surprising. In the end, she will not see that Mihajlovic's refusal to engage in sabotage, lone attacks on the Germans, constituted just that "unwillingness to fight" which made it impossible for Britain to continue to support him verbally once there was a real ability to support him materially, so she cannot conceive of how "keeping on good terms with populations" meant, in the final analysis, keeping on good terms with the occupiers. Mihajlovic was, after all, very specific about the reverse order of his enemies, the first the Partisans, then the Croats, and only then the Axis. Mihajlovic's priorities may have been different what he considered to be Serbian traditions, but they served neither the

Albion, nor hopes that a new Yugoslavia might emerge from the war.

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## Sir Philip Sidney

Sir,—It would take too long to discuss all the questionable points in John Buxton's reply (April 14 '24) but he makes several assertions that cannot be allowed to pass entirely unquestioned.

The most irritating part of Mr Buxton's reply is his denial that Sidney's letters to Denny are in his letter to Denny constitutes the only reference to his poetry in his surviving correspondence. Incidentally, when quoting me to make his point Mr Buxton omits my word "direct". He tells us that this is not so, since "in one of his letters to his brother Robert, Sidney mentions that his work was written about half the verse he ever wrote", though Mr Buxton does not quote the passage and refrains from identifying it. In fact, until the discovery of the Denny letter, the only passage known to Sidney scholars in his entire correspondence which appears to be a passing allusion to his literary work is in a letter to his brother Robert, dated October 18, 1580—it consists of a single brief sentence that reads in

When Mr Buxton goes on, however, to say that even if Mansel is finding Sidney's name in the inscription he is doing so "in conventional phrases which can hardly identify a document", he is making a statement whose validity can be more readily tested by your readers. He is really saying, in effect, "At Wilton This Wilsford. 1380 Yowre myr in name but trow I leide in deede". This is not a conventional phrase but a specific and "identifying

It was of course Mr Buxton's task to transcribe and interpret this manuscript as accurately as he could, and in doing so he was free to use, or depart from, the original text as he thought best. This in itself, despite what Mr Buxton claims, was no part of my case against him. Where he departs from the catalogue, however, he sometimes falls into error, and where he uses the catalogue he does so without acknowledgment. Mr Buxton's errors committed what seemed to me a number of specific errors, I should not have troubled to write merely to draw attention to what might be considered a lack of courtesy: scholars may form their own opinion of his general procedure and the value of the record the provenance of the manuscript.

ROY L. DAVIDS,  
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Sir,—One cannot help wondering if, there conceivably could be any question of sour grapes in the letters of Messrs Davids (March 24) and Mansbridge (April 14)? In fairness to John Buxton it should be pointed out that many members of the Council of the Friends of the Bodleian Library urged Mr Buxton to publish the letter when the manuscript, in which, if

Sir.—G. D. H. and M. Cole, who between them wrote thirty-five or so detective stories between 1923 and 1945, were the exceptions among detective fiction writers, for whom Julian Symonds wrote, in the passage quoted by your reviewer (*TLS*, April 14), "the General Sirs never took place, trades unions did not exist."

As one might expect from the Coles, their novels abound with references not only to trade unions but to the mass unemployment of the twenties. Several of the best of them are about the support of a Sergeant Westwell in *The Wolfersack Affair* and one amateur would-be sleuth says to an inspector: "Ever hear of Dig. Bill Hayward, the I.W.O.W. man?" He is used to say: "Think, it'll hurt you like hell, but I'll tell you," thinking, and you'll get used to it." (*Corpses in the Constable's Garden*).

MICHAEL KATANKA.

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Wyndham Lewis

Sir,—Your reviewer has little good to say about *Psychical and Lewis' Paintings and Drawings* or its subject (April 7). But the criticisms he makes or implies are based on misunderstandings or even misquotations, as I hope you will allow me to demonstrate.

1. Your reviewer suggests that, in calling "The Crowded" Lewis's first war picture" (page 58), I forgot about "Six Attacks" and "Plan of War." But I happen to disagree with the facile assumption that these two total abstractions, painted before the war, are "war pictures." And I warn against literal interpretation of the titles of Lewis's abstractions, which were often very casually assigned (page 54).

2. Your reviewer's observation that "the dating of some of the drawings is idiosyncratic" is gratuitous, without examples.

3. Your reviewer takes it upon himself to say that I have "not analyzed the masses of signatures and dates some of which I have not been added later." There is no need for him to use "seem," for what he conjectures is stated as fact in the book (e.g. page 427). Among numerous examples of discussion of signatures and dates are Catalogue entries 524, 594, 615 and pages 127 and 339.

4. In referring to "Warship" as only this, I say about "Warship."

Donald McLachlan died in 1971 leaving behind the manuscript of **No Case for the Crown** which will be published on 25th May at £1.75. Mr McLachlan worked in Naval Intelligence with Ian Fleming and became the first editor of *The Sunday Telegraph* in 1961 and, unsurprisingly, this thriller is set around the editor of a national paper—*The Daily Satellite*.

**Sidgwick & Jackson**  
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# RACE IN BRITAIN

The history of recent immigration and the facts about numbers, density, and recent legislation.

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mid-winter. But we were rightly or wrongly, that we were echoed by his remarks in his exams at Cambridge for a First, and that it was no surprise to refer too freely to Lawrence or George Sturt—two men now troubled to master Leavis's English, if it meant any sense of eclecticism, ranging from Dutch to Dutch; lucidly introducing us to C. S. Lewis by judiciously juggling all the meanings of "name"; from Basil Willey to Ropkins, permuting the name of "it" in line 24 of Milton of Elizabethan Zeeman re-echoed a medieval word, entering as Hugh Sykes Davies illustrated a scientific concept through the puzzles of Tom Hearn's diagrams "explaining" nature, and the breezy common-sense of Critical Thought confronting "critical books".


There, the article did not raise two features of Cambridge English. First, and most obviously, it raised three more, and most important separate ones, on which my first work was based.

of a second front inside occupied Europe did indeed rest upon myth. Mihajlovic's strategy was both known and shared by the British military in the first years of the Yugoslav war: he should preserve himself in the mountains, do everything to avoid provoking his nemesis, destruction, and await the call to wage a general uprising. Aware that an uprising was already begun, the Foreign Office and SOE strongly disagreed with the military's conservatism. They argued that a resistance movement had to resist, that reprisals were a double-edged sword and that—as Gladwyn Jebb of MEW wrote to the FO in December, 1941—"It is only by hotting up the whole nation to murder Germans and Italians wherever they may see them that the revolt can have any prospect of maintaining its momentum as a real 'Partisan' movement." FO 371/2021, 19/4/1946/Gib. That the Partisans did just that, thus striking a truly exorcistic chord among the majority of Yugoslavs, explains their victory in the civil war, just as it explains the tardy British switch to Tito begun in 1943.

his entire correspondence which appears to be a passing allusion to his literary work is in a letter to his brother Robert, dated October 18, 1880—it consists of a single brief sentence that reads in full: "My joyful hocks! I will send with Gods helpe by February, at which

Buxton it should be pointed out that many members of the Council of the Friends of the Bodleian Library urged Mr Buxton to publish the letter when the manuscript, in which it occurs, was acquired by the Friends for Bodley. We did this for two reasons.

# Dr Gully Elizabeth Jenkins



£2

examples of discussion of signatures and dates are Catalogue entries 524, 594, 915 and pages 127 and 339.

4. In asserting "Dr Michel has only this to say about . . . 'Workshop': 'The earliest painting extant, 'Workshop', datable . . . to 1914-5, is painted

The result is a triumph,  
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 e Times

the best evocation of this  
 eriod by a modern author  
 at I have ever read. . . an  
 tstanding achievement."  
 ary Renault;

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Michael Joseph















